

# SPIRIT

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### February.

**O**VID, in his *Fasti*, thus explains the origin of the name of this month :

In antient times purgations had the name  
Of *Februa*\* ; various customs prove the same ;  
The pontiffs from the *rex* and *flamen*† crave  
A lock of wool ; in former days they gave  
To wool the name of *Februa*.  
A pliant branch cut from a lofty pine,  
Which round the temples of the priests they twine,  
Is *Februa* called ; which if the priest demand,  
A branch of pine is put into his hand ;  
In short, with whatsoe'er our hearts we hold  
Are purified, was *Februa* termed of old ;  
*Lustrations* are from hence, from hence the name  
Of this our month of February came ;  
In which the priests of Pan processions made ;  
In which the tombs were also purified  
Of such as had no dirges‡ when they died ;  
For our religious fathers did maintain,  
Purgations expiated every stain  
Of guilt and sin ; from Greece the custom came,  
But here adopted by another name ;

The Grecians held that pure lustrations could  
Efface an impious deed, or guilt of blood.  
By Peleus' was Patroclus purified,  
When he his sword in guiltless blood had dyed ;  
And Peleus self did king Acastus lave  
For fratricide in the Hæmonian wave.  
Alcæon to the sacred river cried,  
O cleanse my guilt ! and he was purified ;  
Weak men ! to think that water can make clean  
A bloody crime, or any sinful stain.

According to ancient history, the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phenicians, and Carthagenians, commenced their year at the autumnal equinox. The Jews also began their civil year at the same epoch ; but their ecclesiastical year commenced at the vernal equinox. The ecclesiastical year with the Jews, also, regulated many more things than the civil year. The Greeks began their year at the

\* Varro tells us, that all filth, or dirt, in the ancient Sabine language was called *Februa* ; from whence that word was afterwards applied to religious purgations or cleanings.

† We are informed by Livy, that after the expulsion of the kings, as there were some public sacrificial duties that had been usually performed by the reigning king, the Romans were obliged to institute a priest with that name, who was therefore called *Rex Sacrificulus*, but (to avoid a bad omen) he was to be subject to the *Pontifex Maximus*. The *Flamen Dialis* was the priest of Jupiter. Wool was much used in expiatory sacrifices, to wipe up the blood, &c.

‡ The Romans had a notion, that the ghosts of such persons, as had not been buried with proper rites and ceremonies, hovered about their graves, and thereby occasioned an unhealthy or pestilential air ; therefore the festival called *feralia*, for quieting the manes of the dead, was observed in this month.

Our poet here enumerates several, who thought they were purified from the guilt of shedding innocent blood by certain ceremonious ablutions ; and then justly censures the credulity of such as can suppose that any external rites can cleanse men from corrupt and wicked actions, which are formed in the mind ; a remark, that breathes more of the spirit and genius of christianity than of paganism.

winter solstice prior to the regulations introduced by Methon, and at the summer solstice after that time. The Roman year commenced at the vernal equinox with Romulus, but at the winter solstice with Numa Pompilius; and also at the latter epoch among the Scandinavians, or ancient inhabitants of northern Europe. Among the Chinese the year appears always to have taken place at the same period, and which answers to our February.

According to modern history, the French began their year at Martinmas (22d Nov.) Under the first race of kings, when the government was purely military, it commenced on the 1st of May, when the troops were reviewed. Under the second race of kings, it began at the winter solstice; under the third, at the vernal equinox; on the 1st of January, by a proclamation of Charles IX, dated in 1654; and at the autumnal equinox (1st of Vendémiaire), from the establishment of the republic. This continued but 14 years, and they have now returned to the former epoch of the 1st of January. The English began their civil year at the winter solstice; but their legal year at the vernal equinox till 1752, when the commencement of the year was fixed by act of parliament for the 1st of January. Among the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Germans, the Siamese, and the Peruvians, all begin their year at the winter solstice. The Mexicans commence theirs at the vernal equinox. As the year of the Mahometans consists of twelve lunar months, or sometimes of 354 and at others of 355 days, to avoid the fractions which these lunations create, it commences on different days, and consequently has no fixed epoch.

The wintry aspect of this month, contrasted with the approach of spring, has a pleasing effect on the mind.

In this lone hour, when angry storms descend,  
And the chilled soul deplores her distant friend:  
When all her sprightly fires inactive lie,  
And gloomy objects fill the mental eye;  
When hoary Winter strides the northern blast,  
And Flora's beauties at his feet are cast;  
Earth by the grisly tyrant desert made,  
The feathered warblers quit the leafless shade;

Quit those dear scenes where life and love began,  
And, cheerless, seek the savage haunt of man;  
How mourns each tenant of the silent grove!  
No soft sensation tunes the heart to love;  
No flutt'ring pulse awakes at Rapture's call;  
No strain responsive aids the water's fall.  
The bleating flocks now ask the bounteous hand,  
And crystal streams in frozen fetters stand.

About this time the green woodpecker is heard in the woods, making a loud noise. More formidable in strength and magnitude, and at the head of the whole class of these birds, stands the ivory-billed woodpecker (*picus principalis*) of North-America. He may be called the king or chief of his tribe; and nature seems to have designed him a distinguished characteristic in the superb carmine crest, and bill of polished ivory, with which she has ornamented him. His eye is brilliant and daring, and his whole frame so admirably adapted for his mode of life, and method of procuring subsistence, as to impress on the mind of the examiner the most reverential ideas of the Creator. His manners have also a dignity in them superior to the common herd of woodpeckers. Trees, shrubbery, orchards, rails, fence-posts, and old prostrate logs, are alike interesting to those, in their humble and indefatigable search for prey; but the royal hunter now before us scorns the humility of such situations, and seeks the most towering trees of the forest, seeming particularly attached to those prodigious cypress swamps whose crowded giant sons stretch their bare and blasted or moss-hung arms midway to the skies. In these almost inaccessible recesses, amid ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the solitary savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant. Wherever he frequents he leaves numerous monuments of his industry behind him. This is particularly the case in the Southern and Western states. We there see enormous pine-trees, with cart-loads of bark lying around their roots, and chips of the trunk itself, in such quantities as to suggest the idea that half a dozen of axemen had been at work there for the whole morning. The body of the tree is

also disfigured with such numerous excavations, that one can hardly conceive it possible for the whole to be the work of a woodpecker. With such strength, and an apparatus so powerful, what havoc might he not commit, if numerous, on the most useful of our forest trees; and yet, with all these appearances, and much of vulgar prejudice against him, it may fairly be questioned whether he is at all injurious, or, at least, whether his exertions do not contribute most powerfully to the protection of our timber. Examine closely the tree where he has been at work, and we soon perceive that it is neither from motives of mischief or amusement; for the sound and healthy tree is not the object of his attention. The diseased, infested with insects, and hastening to putrefaction, are his favourites; there the deadly crawling enemy have formed a lodgment, between the bark and tender wood, to drink up the very vital part of the tree. Would it be believed that the larvæ of an insect, or fly, no longer than a grain of rice, should silently, and

in one season, destroy some thousand acres of pine-trees, many of them from two to three feet in diameter, and a hundred and fifty feet high? Yet, whoever passes along the high road from Georgetown to Charleston, in South-Carolina, about 20 miles from the former place, can have striking and melancholy proofs of this fact.\*

The few fine days towards the latter end of February afford many opportunities of cultivating our knowledge of Nature.

Say, does this season no beauty possess,  
When Nature's enchantments apparently die?  
The white robe of Winter gives pleasure, no less  
Than the Summer or Spring in their elegant dress.  
To the reasoning moralist's eye.

The moon-beams which sleep on the snow-covered  
hill,

In turn, are as pleasing as those which illumine  
The blossoms of Summer, or spangle the rill  
That whispers at eve, when the hamlet is still,  
Or gleam on the villager's tomb.

The man who is prudent will study the scene,  
And morally reason on years that are past,  
Anticipate age, and the moment between  
Consign to reflection, to render serene  
The Winter, which shrouds him at last.

## DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Extracted from Baldwin's London Magazine, Aug. 1820.

WHEN, in 1773, Goethe published his first tragedy, the Goetz of Berlichingen, and again, in 1774, his celebrated romance of Werter, the general attention of Germany was turned at once, by a great simultaneous movement, upon the new poet.—It strikes one with astonishment, to think of the vast variety of the studies to which this great man has devoted his time and applied his intellectual powers. That insatiability inherent in minds of a sublime order,—which, without recognizing the ultimate end of their desires, are constantly sensible that nothing within the bounds of human life can content them,—has impelled Goethe, while, with unfailing activity, he has pursued his intrepid course, now amongst the principles of criticism in art and letters,—now into the laws of

nature in her physical productions,—from these through the dark and perplexing labyrinths of theology,—thenceward into the depths of ideology,—the mysteries of language, the science of philology, the construction of ancient and modern tongues,—through the empire of chemistry, even onward into the fanciful land of the alchemist! Nor has all this vivacity of curiosity ever apparently had an injurious effect on the delicacy of his sensibility. It is this which engaged him in a pilgrimage to Italy, that he might visit the finest monuments of the finest minds; it is this which has forever held him under their influence;—which, aided by the instructions of the aged Oeser, has incited him to unfold their history and their subtlest theories—to examine them learnedly as well as intently—to aug-

\* See Mr. Wilson's American Ornithology.

ment their magic influence on our minds by illustrating them with the splendour of his imagination. This Wincklemann and Lessing had previously done; and Goethe has ably followed their example.

So much generally of the author in question; it is now time to state, that a single one of his dramatic compositions—the *FAUSTUS*—is more peculiarly the subject of the present article. It is for this reason that, in what we have further to say of his literary character, we shall confine ourselves to his capacity of poet. If he were not—as he really is—one of the most comprehensive intellects, one of the greatest *encyclopedists* of his age,—his poetical compositions would nevertheless fully suffice to justify with posterity the high applause which he has received from his contemporaries.

Amongst the multitude of volumes published by this author, there are four which, up to the present time, he has particularly consecrated to a plain narration of the events of his life. He who writes his biography, unless he be a creature altogether null in the human family, is pretty sure to write a work which will be acceptable to all classes of readers. Although curiosity may not be gratified with the display of important adventures; although the mind may not be kept in a state of agitation by those sublime fears and hopes that await on the vast interests of history—there is nevertheless, almost necessarily, in the composition of him who narrates the story of his own actions, a certain vivacity, an air at least of frankness, a simplicity, or what the French term *naïveté*, altogether constituting a magical charm—which can never be successfully imitated by the art of rhetoric, and which pleases mightily that innate curiosity, felt by almost every one, to become acquainted with the casualties of life in the experience of others.—It is by the influence of this species of enchantment that an artist of Florence, Benvenuto Cellini, narrating the occurrences of a common plebeian life, manages to arrest our attention, equally with Julius

Cesar recounting his own grand military enterprises.—But if the self-biographer is an individual, not only distinguished by extreme mental acuteness, and exquisite sensibility, but inclined to represent with accuracy and research the multiplied operations of his internal life, the various intellectual phenomena which preceded, accompanied, and followed his external actions—as has been done by Saint Augustin and by Rousseau—then, to the common interest which has been already explained, is added a very particular one:—we regard such a composition with the most lively attention, as calculated to throw light on the secret source, and hidden mazes, of what may be termed the vital fibres of the human character, and to afford some clue to the great mystery of their movements.

Such is the case in regard to Goethe's book. Besides that the occurrences of his poetical life are often the direct consequences of the circumstances of his social or domestic situation, it happens also that the biography of this great man, associated with his poetical productions, is of a nature to assist the student of the art, as well as the inquirer into the springs of moral existence. The two, thus considered in connexion, enable one to trace the line of contact between the world of reality and that of the imagination; the relations that exist between the sensations directly proceeding from facts, and those which spring up in the mind under the agency of a reminiscent fancy; the system of action by which the intellect advances from the slightest impulses to its most ardent flights; and the benefit which a poet may derive, in the exercise of his art, from his self-consciousness and feeling of individuality. Thus, for example, in the *Memoirs of his own Life*, we find the real history of Goethe's love affair; and it furnishes us with the type from whence he has extracted the *ideal* of the passion, so finely represented in his poetical compositions. In the portrait of a girl to whom he was much attached, we recognize the source from whence he has taken that sweet ideal image of moral beauty which lives in

the tender Clara, the beloved of Egmont, and the touching innocence of Margaret, the wretched mistress of the devoted Faustus. We could support the doctrine above laid down by many examples taken from the works of the author in question, and we should have great pleasure in following this fascinating search, but it would lead us too far from the chief object of the present article which we have already stated, to be the examination of Goethe's most celebrated tragedy—**DOCTOR FAUSTUS**. We shall content ourselves with stating before quitting this part of our subject, that the first idea of the very composition just named was suggested to the poet by some circumstances proper to himself, or rather by the resemblance which he believed to exist between some of his own feelings and those which might be supposed to exist in such a breast as that of the fabulous Faustus.—We would instantly give here the language in which Goethe confesses this resemblance; but we think it will be more intelligible to the generality of our readers after we have briefly sketched the popular tradition relative to the ill-fated philosopher.

His celebrated life is placed by the Germans about the beginning of the sixteenth century: and as the towns of Greece contended between themselves for the honour of having given birth to the great poet who sang their Trojan triumphs, so several of the German villages dispute the right of claiming for their son the famous wizard of whom we are treating. Knittlingen and Maulbronn in Suabia, some hamlets of Anhalt, others in the March of Brandenburg, clash together their rival pretensions. The strife is still undecided; and it is likely that it will always be so,—for as it has been suspected that the great poet of Greece never existed as a single individual, so there are some grounds for imagining that the Faustus of Germany is in the same predicament. Public opinion, however, inclines chiefly to favour the claims of Knittlingen; and we only profess to be its expositors in recounting some few of the particulars of the story.

John Faustus was originally a peasant's son; but being sent to Wittenberg, where he had some relations living, he began to cast wishful looks at the tree of knowledge; occupying himself closely with the study of the sciences, and displaying in their pursuit signs of a marvellously quick capacity. Arrived to the age of sixteen years, he went to Ingolstadt, where he plunged into the depths of theology, and, after three years' application, took the degree of Doctor in it. With his title came weariness of this study; and the new Doctor, in successive fits of restlessness, turned the powers of his mind, first to medicine, next to astrology, and ultimately to magic—in which last dangerous art he even instructed an humble follower named John Wagner, son of a clergyman of Wasserburg. At the death of an uncle, who was pretty well supplied with the means of life, Faustus became heir to some property; but in a very short time it was all squandered away in a course of profusion. Thus reduced, the ill-fated man returned to his magic, and even went the length of conjuring the demoniac spirits of the awful abyss to appear and serve his unhallowed will. The prince of these terrible powers obeyed the call, and concluded a compact with the devoted man for the term of twenty-four years. It was conceded, on the side of hell, that for this period Faustus should be served by a fiend named *Mephistopheles*, who should be bound to obey his orders, and promote in all things his pleasure. The lost one, now allied to the devil, travelled through Europe accompanied by his terrible confederate: they every where lived a merry life; gratified every caprice; wrought prodigies,—and thus Faustus hid from the public eye the agonies of his conscience, while he every where excited wonder and admiration. There is still to be seen, in an old cellar of Leipsic, a painting of one of the miraculous exploits of this infatuated D. D., performed in the very place where the memorial of the occurrence remains. It represents him, in the presence of a large company of persons, flying out of the cellar, mount-

ed, *en cavalier*, on a pipe of wine!—This exercise, however pleasant, surely is not so much preferable to riding on horseback, as to justify a man's selling his soul to the devil for the sake of securing its enjoyment.

The stipulated term of twenty-four years being expired, the prince of the powers of the air came to claim his bargain. The unhappy Faustus was whisked off by his remorseless purchaser. It was in the dead of the night, between the hours of twelve and one, at the little village of Romlich, that this dreadful event happened: the devil there made himself master of his miserable prey,—cruelly dashing the body of his victim against the stone walls; so that fragments of the skull, and broken pieces of the bones of the infatuated Faustus, discovered to the villagers in the morning the nature of his awful fate.

Such is the substance of the popular tradition in regard to the hero of Goethe's tragedy: the reader who might wish to enter more at large into his history, would find ample provision for the gratification of his curiosity in a work of G. R. Wiedemann, printed in 1599, also in one published about the same time by an anonymous author, at Cologne.

In these, the statements of popular prejudice and superstition are made in the gravest language of learned truth,—though perhaps there is some reason to suspect that deception is actually meant, and that the object of the writers is to confuse and terrify the ignorant multitude for the purpose of more easily governing them at their pleasure: It is however a curious fact, that several erudite and really respectable authors, have given full credence to the marvellous story of Faustus, and have stoutly maintained its truth.

On the other hand, there are certain writers who mistake altogether the personage of whom they treat; confounding him with John Faust of Mentz, the companion first of Guttenberg, and afterwards of Schoeffer, in the invention and improvement of the art of printing. A slight attention to dates, however, will prove the error of these, for the

Faust of Mentz lived in the fifteenth century, and the Faustus of Knittlingen is said to have lived in the sixteenth, and disappeared about the year 1560, Tritheim and Melancthon deny the existence of Doctor Faustus altogether; and another party, perhaps nearer to the truth than any of the others, without disputing that there was such a person, distinct from the Faust of Mentz, maintain that he was neither more nor less than a man who had made great progress in the sciences, particularly in those of a physical nature,—but that his genius was probably mingled with a certain portion of quackery, which led him, in his public experiments, to make pretensions which the public ignorance accepted as evidence of magical powers.

As we have entered upon the opinions entertained relative to the character and reality of Faustus, we may mention, before quitting the subject, that there are several who consider him as altogether a creation of monkish revenge. It is well known that, before the invention of the art of printing, the profession of a writer of manuscripts was a very lucrative one, and of this employment the religious orders possessed almost a monopoly. The new art introduced by Guttenberg and Faust, soon triumphantly established itself, and carried a mortal blow against the copyers, who thus found themselves left without occupation, and consequently without gains. This was enough to excite Cenobite anger against the invention and the inventors; and it accords with monkish policy, to seek, in such a case, to turn the fury of popular superstition against their enemies. Nor is it unlikely that some of the subtler minds amongst these orders, might, even at that early period, foresee in the establishment of the novel art, the future destruction of their influence—the demolition of "the tyranny of the cowl and the hood." Such anticipation would furnish a still more active motive to hostility,—and no mode of opposition could be better adapted to the circumstances of the time, than that of discrediting the most learned and respectable of the printers, Faust of Mentz,

—and deterring others from adopting his profession, by representing his art as a diabolical one, and the artificer as an ally of the enemy of heaven and earth. Such, say some, is the real origin of the fable of Faustus, which was well received by the people, because it was in harmony with the received ideas of the time.

The story of Faustus having, in one way or another, become firmly grounded in the popular belief, the writers for the vulgar were soon on the alert to take advantage of so promising a subject, to give life and identity to those miracles and relations of supernatural wonders calculated to arrest the attention, and to please the imaginations of a superstitious populace. One book, among others full of all sorts of follies, and sentiments either extravagant or absurd; a book that lies even from its title page,—became very celebrated in Germany: that is to say *the Black Crow*; and, however nonsensical its contents, the Germans owe it gratitude for having furnished themes and suggestions for several poetical works of uncommon merit. We do not here allude to those early romances and ballads which spread over the various countries of Europe, and ours among the rest; nor to the numerous farces and puppet plays, however ingenious some of them may be, founded on the popular story of Faustus:—but more or less directly, to the productions of Scink, of Screiber, of Müller, of Klinger, of Lessing,—and chiefly to the masterpiece of Goethe—to which it is now high time that we should confine our attention.

Even at the time that Goethe was living at Strasbourg for the purpose of completing his legal studies,—that is to say not long before the period when he published his *Werter*,—the poet thus wrote of himself: "*The fable of Faustus, which I saw represented in the puppet-shews, is a most interesting one. It has awakened thoughts and feelings in my mind:—I, too, have tried many of the paths that lead to knowledge, and have been turned from them with a full persuasion of its vanity:—I, too, have tried many of the fashions and modes of existence, and have quitted them ill-requited and disappointed.*"

The Faustus of Goethe is, from the beginning, a prey to sad and severe passions,—vanity, weariness,—and a proud and intemperate curiosity, which renders him ambitious to unveil, by the sole force of his own mind, those secrets of his nature and of the universe, which we have been denied permission to penetrate. This curiosity leads him to cherish a painful metaphysical scepticism; which state of mind is generally but one stage removed from that of moral scepticism. In fact, the vain-glorious Faustus has lost, under the effect of these feelings, that elevation of soul, which study, even if in some measure erroneously conducted, has nevertheless a tendency to produce. Rather than renounce the applauses of the vulgar, he renounces candour and sincerity,—deceiving his admirers by putting-off on them, as legitimate, certain arts and speculations, the emptiness or deception of which he had himself ascertained. Thus the miserable man became reduced to live in a state of perpetual contradiction to himself—a circumstance which, perhaps more than any other, renders an individual inclined to all evil.

To Faustus, in this state, appears Mephistopheles, an evil spirit, whom he has conjured up. In the character of this demon, the poet has delineated, with excellent genius, the *ideal* of perversity and depravity. What distinguishes Mephistopheles from other inventions of a similar cast is, that its perversity does not take its rise from passions of monstrous, but sublime violence, as in the Satan of *Paradise Lost*,—nor in the mischievous inclinations, coupled with ignorance and bestial abjection, as in the Caliban of Shakspeare;—but that he is what may be termed the superlative personified of that vice and depravity to which civilized man approaches, in the abuse of that high developement of the intellectual faculties, which takes place in the last most advanced stages of civilization. To the diabolical tendencies and intentions of Mephistopheles, is found united that sort of complacency in error which defiles a great part of moral and social science. It would appear that his mind was infatuated with this failing; that

all his ideas were under the influence of certain sophisms, which the wicked subtlety of human wit opposes to the voice of human conscience, and which we sometimes find passing in the world as the aphorisms of reason, the maxims of an undeceiving philosophy. Mephistopheles vituperates the generous passions and feelings—sympathy, kindness, self-denial,—as things contrary to his nature—and he mocks them as absurdities. He has no need to hate that he may hurt; he feels absolute pleasure in the ruin and affliction of beings, who, in other respects, are indifferent to him. Mephistopheles is incapable of courage; and in this, too, he is totally different from the Satan of Milton:—he is also incapable of regrets, and here he differs equally from the just-named grand creation, who thinks of the past with bitter hate and desire of revenge,—and from the Abbadon of Klopstock, who earnestly covets his ancient angelic purity, of which, in his fallen state, he knows the inestimable value, without possessing the power or hope of restoration. Mephistopheles is a flatterer, and a liar:—but there is *one false pretension* which he dare not make. He is prohibited from using the *language of the tenderest of passions*. Wearing the form of a gallant cavalier, he compliments the women on their beauty, &c.; but the magic words, "*I love you,*" must never pass his infernal lips.

In this way our distinguished author, not only composes his demon of all that is worst in the moral world, but also deprives him of every modification of character that could in any way, and to any degree, awaken in the breast of the reader that species of admiration which some of the greatest villains have been known to inspire—for villainy has within itself, but too often, ingredients of the sublime. Goethe's demon is the image of the despicable and the depraved, coupled with mischievous power.

Become the companion of Faustus, the spirit commences his infernal work by deriding the insufficiencies of human knowledge, and exaggerating its frivolity. The philosopher, already discontented with his contemplative life, and

with his want of power to issue from the intolerable state of intellectual uncertainty, readily falls into a complete disgust with solitary and laborious studies. Mephistopheles plunges him into sensuality; this soon paves the way to crime, and from crime the road is short and direct to desperation. This progress is not unlike that of the Monk, in the famous Romance of Lewis. Ambrosio proceeds from the excesses of fantastical contemplation to the most horrible enormities, through the intermediate indulgence of sensuality, fermented in his veins by the arts of hell. This personage, however, is in many respects dissimilar from Goethe's Faustus; and whether we consider the incidents of their respective histories, or the conception of their respective characters, we must admit that each is entitled to the praise due to originality of invention.

Goethe has, as yet, published but one, the first, part of his Faustus; having had originally the intention of writing a Trilogia: but this first part forms a whole by itself, and fully displays the dominating idea which has governed him in the conception of his work. we have seen what this dominating idea is, and we have seen the characterising features of the two principal personages of the drama;—it only remains to give our readers some notion of the manner in which the poet has realized his conception. To do this will be no unpleasant task, for it will lead us to go over again the fine verses of this dramatic poem; but we fear there will be some difficulty in transporting the interest of the piece into a description of it;—for, to say the truth, it appears to us that the numerous and transcendent beauties of this work, do not consist either in the quality, or continued importance of the actions of the personages; or in the art with which these are inwoven together; or in the nature of the plot, or its progressive developement. Its power and brilliancy—and it has much of both—are rather constituted by the truth and richness of the *sentiments* suggested by the characters and the situations, expressed and illustrated by means of new images, always evident—with wonder-

ful ease as well as variety of style, and a rythmical harmony full of effect ;—in the frank boldness of the touch with which are depicted the most secret phenomena of the mind ;—in the keenness and perspicacity of the moral views, which, extending themselves over creation, converts it, as it were, into a vast satire.

But these touching sentiments, this fine representation of intellectual phenomena, this elevated regard thrown over the world and over society, are likely to escape in analysing the naked conduct of the fable ; or, to hinder them from so doing, it would be necessary to make the analysis equal to a translation of the whole. This, unfortunately, we cannot do, consistently with the plan of our publication ; but what we have already said on the important originality of the characters of Faustus and Mephistopheles, is sufficient to impress with esteem for this wild but sublime composition of the German poet.

Goaded by his restless curiosity, Faustus conjures the appearance of one of the regulating spirits of nature. A spirit appears to him as a flame, and harshly taunts him with the vileness of the human condition—"the distance that separates man from those invisible beings, who wander over the universe."

Thou art a worm !—a weak, a coward worm ! Thy soul crawls : and to thee is wanting the courage that would raise thee to me, that would unite thee to me intimately, and without dread.

*Faustus.* Nevertheless my mental principle resembles thine, oh Spirit !

*Spirit.* No : it has no resemblance, but to thyself and thine own thoughts.

*Faustus.* Then I, the image of the Divinity, dare not even compare myself with thee ! !

The Spirit vanishes, and the mind of Faustus becomes more irritated under this insult. Left to himself, he turns again to meditation ; but nothing like satisfaction can he find : he casts a rapid glance over all the works of man, and they appear all alike despicable. Tired at length with life, disgusted with his studies, and particularly with the art of magic, that had not sufficed to elevate him as he desired, above human nature, Faustus resolves to put an end to his

existence. Just as he is on the point of carrying the fatal cup to his lips, he hears the sound of the bells that announce the dawn of the morning of Easter, and at the same time, the sweet hymn of a chorus of angels, that chaunt the resurrection of Christ. (The reader will bear in mind that it falls within the plan and object of this tragedy to embrace the three divisions of nature—the celestial, the human, and the infernal—which all concur to give movement to a drama, that may be said to represent *the ideal of the universe.*)

These solemn sounds, these superhuman melodies, mingling with the religious songs of women and youths, ravish the soul of Faustus. The poisoned cup falls from his hand ; his thoughts fly back to the days of youth ; tears stand in his eyes ; and he feels attachment to existence stirring again within his heart.

But, alas, neither the smiling face of spring, nor the innocent songs and dances of the peasants, with which he mingles ; nor the respect with which they greet him as a man of learning and virtue ; nor the friendship and almost religious veneration with which he is regarded by his disciple Wagner, can long maintain in the errant mind of our philosopher, that magnanimity which for a moment inclined him to the pure and tranquil enjoyments of life. His evil feelings return to make themselves master of the man. He and Wagner are walking in a field of the country, at the fall of the evening, when they perceive a dog tending towards them in a rapidly continued spiral movement : Faustus suspects him to be a demon in disguise ; calls the animal towards him, and takes him to his house. Here, conjured after the usual forms of magic, the creature assumes a human form. This is Mephistopheles, whose influence over the unhappy Doctor is now about to commence, only to finish with his destruction. The demon promises to Faustus the realization of all those sensual delights which his passionate imagination had ever dwelt upon ; while another spirit, coming to the assistance of Mephistopheles, inebriates

the misanthrope with fancies of all the voluptuous pleasures of nature, and, by an air of the most touching tenderness, steeps the devoted mortal in a sleep animated by visions of exquisite enjoyment. While Faustus slumbers, the two evil beings vanish; and at length he awakens only to feel, more intensely than ever the horror of solitude, and the torment of unappeased desire.

At the moment chosen by Mephistopheles for his second visit, the soul of Faustus is actually agonized by a yearning after the fruit of the forbidden tree. The world appears before him as a hideous waste, not furnishing one single green or pleasant spot: all is nullity, all emptiness for him. Wherever he turns his eyes he sees a privation; wherever he turns his ear, he seems to hear a voice intimating to man—"this day will pass without bringing thee a single joy." Life bears upon him as a heavy load; but it is not his deliverance from misconception that chiefly causes this intolerable sensation; it is rather the violence of his passions that now produces the sense of the insupportableness of life.

And again he desires death, conjoining with the idea of dissolution the two favourite wishes of vanity and sensuality. "O happy he! who falls amidst the splendour of victory,—around whose temples death entwines a garland of blood-stained laurels:—happy, more happy, the man who expires in the arms of a beloved girl, after a tumultuous dance!"

Changeable, however, in his frenzy, Faustus speedily betakes him to the abuse of all created nature, of all the bonds of society, and hurls his even-tempered malediction even against the gratifications of love, and the palpitations of hope. More than aught else, however, he blasphemes human patience; and at this instant Mephistopheles proposes himself as his servant and companion, offering to procure him all sensual deliciousness, and to make him taste of unknown and unsuspected delights: at the same time, in anticipation of the future, which he cannot conceal, he arms the mind of the listening philosopher against it, by satirical and

biting sentences, directed against that moral nausea of which he feigns a wish to cure the sufferer.

Faustus consents to the proposal; and hardly is the *awful pact* concluded, when a young scholar, smitten with respect for the Doctor, comes to consult him on the nature and course of the studies he ought to pursue. The newly affianced colleague of the devil is in no mood to receive such a visit at at this moment; so Mephistopheles assumes the doctoral *toga*, and sets himself gravely, as Faustus, to listen to the innocent inquiries of the unsuspecting youth, who little thinks before whom he is standing! The dialogue between the be-gowned demon and the artless lad, who is full of an ingenuous desire to profit by admonition, and to improve in honourable attainments, offers points of strange contrast, and occasions for the most acute remarks. The cordial but simple goodness of a fresh inexperienced heart is brought, as it were, into the lists with the most refined malignity of an insolent and depraved spirit,—a spirit of scorn and contumely, matured in the arts of spiteful derision. The questions of the student, though sometimes rather blundering, are marked with a frank and youthful eagerness after instruction: the replies of Mephistopheles are the circumlocutory evasions, the tantalising duplicities of one who makes magisterial mockery of an humble applicant. The fiend, while he feigns a grave interest in the subject, is in fact indulging, a chuckling demoniac laugh at its folly and triviality; he describes the various studies of the college, and the honoured attainments of human learning and sagacity, with the keen touches of a satirical poet, who conceals his mordacity under the cover of encomium. After telling him that the art of medicine is very simple; that jurisprudence is a malady, and theology the science of belief, Mephistopheles dismisses the young student quite contented, but not knowing very well whether he stands on his head or his feet.

The demon first conducts Faustus to a party of merry-makers, in order,

as he says, that the philosopher may see "how easy it is to live a life of jubilee." From thence they go to the habitation of a witch, who is served by a set of outlandish animals, to whom the poet gives the name of Meer-katzen (*cat-apes*.) This creature is a deformed species of ape, that speaks with a human voice. Mephistopheles promises his friend some pastime in their conversation, while waiting for the witch herself, who was then prowling abroad. The discourse of the cat-apes is indeed a heap of the most grotesque gibberish: highly whimsical certainly, and put together with great power of imagination, but gross and disorderly, and differing from that of the witches in Macbeth, by being wholly ridiculous, and exciting laughter, not awe.—Faustus does not seem much interested in the jargon of these creatures: his mind is too much occupied with its own desires to stoop to relaxation, or bend from the strenuousness of its disposition. Turning, however, towards a looking-glass, he sees, to his great surprise, the figure and face of a beautiful female, and he is lost in a stupor of admiration. His soul, throughout all its powers and inclinations, now assumes a determinate and steady bias: he must embrace this exquisite creature: a voluptuous hope takes possession of him, he burns with the flame of love. The witch arrives, and, on the hint of Mephistopheles, presents her mortal visitor with a cup, the beverage in which is of a nature to give increased intensity to the fire he already felt. "This potion," says the demon, "will cause him to see an Helen in every woman." That Goethe is an attentive reader of Shakspeare may be perceived in this passage: "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt" is the more poetical manner of expression adopted by our bard. Mephistopheles and Faustus laugh at the witch's formal mummeries of preparation in regard to this drink; and they do so, while they value themselves on scrupulously observing all the ceremonies. Imposture making "pomp and circumstance" of its own imposition,—and man acting as the slave of what he

despises, are the two tremendous examples of social corruption which it is the object of the poet to represent in this scene of sortilege.

Having left the witch, they meet in the street a young, and beautiful girl. Faustus finds in her the realization of the image in the glass: and desires that Mephistopheles may immediately put him in possession of her. She is a young person of low condition; but innocent and graceful as she is lovely. The soul of this maiden is candid and open; her manners decorous but frank; the habits of her life pure and religious. In short, the fair Margaret represents the *ideal of virgin simplicity*. Mephistopheles proposes to surround her with guile and fraud of every species, for the purpose of subduing her to the will of the man whom he serves. A crowd of indeterminate but painful presentiments accompany the palpitations of the reader's heart, at finding so good and sweet a being now made the butt for the assaults of the blackest malignity; at seeing the lost Faustus set out with the demon to give full accomplishment to the ruin of so beautiful and so touching a creature.

Faustus is introduced by Mephistopheles into Margaret's apartment: it is not sumptuous; on the contrary it is humbly furnished; but an elegance, springing from the virtuous mind of the inhabitant, pervades its arrangement; and an air of clean, orderly, tasteful disposal sheds a solemn but endearing influence around the chamber. The demon (for the virgin is absent) heightens the desires of his companion by dwelling on these indications of an enchanting character. Faustus is infatuated with all about him,—and from all he sees his passion derives fresh strength. He disgraces his new system of life by becoming really enamoured of Margaret, and hence he is taken with that timidity and tremor which are apt to seize lovers when for the first time they are about to accost the lady of their wishes. He has not courage to wait the return of Margaret, but goes off, during her absence, leaving behind him some valuable presents,

the effect of which he hopes will be to dispose her affections towards the giver. The arts of Mephistopheles speedily so bring it about, that Faustus and the maiden find themselves alone together, as if by accident, in the garden of one of her friends. Here the first declaration of love takes place. The young and innocent creature, unconscious of her peril, conscious of her own poverty, and humble in her thoughts as in her words, is dazzled and beguiled by the obsequious professions of a man, who, from an elevated rank, has deigned to cast the eyes of attachment upon her, and to swear eternal fidelity in his love. The poor soul cannot resist the instinct of tenderness within her breast. Her passion for Faustus increases day by day; while he, whose desire has been changed to enjoyment, already permits certain symptoms of satiety to become manifest—or, at least, he affords reason for believing, that he would cede, with no ill-will, the gratifications for which he had been so anxious, in order to experience the stimulus, of fresh pleasures.

Margaret's mind is never debased: in it virtue is always predominant. She loves her Henry (the name taken by Faustus) to desperation, but she also adores her God,—and she would fain extend the feeling of piety from her own bosom to that of her beloved, whom, to her great grief, she suspects to be an unbeliever. For this reason she is very anxious that he should break off his intimacy with Mephistopheles. The latter she cannot regard but with dread and horror, and trembles lest he should corrupt the person whom she both respects and loves. "I don't know why," she says,—“but the presence of that man who is always with you, strikes me with a shivering chilliness: his face seems to stab me to the heart: his voice turns my blood:—for that reason I think him perfidious. When I am near him, a secret fear causes me to tremble: when I am near him, I almost feel as if I could not love thee, my dearest—and I am but too sensible that I could not pray to God! No, my Henry—oh no—he is not.—indeed he is not a fit companion for thee.”

This zeal, this trouble, and perplexity about the virtue of those who are dear to them, is one of the most touching qualities in the love of women; and one that elevates it in dignity, as well as in tenderness, far above the corresponding passion, as it commonly exists in the breasts of the other sex. In the present case, it redoubles our sympathy for Margaret; it disposes us entirely to forgive the faults she commits, in consequence of the immensity of her affection, and to weep over the misfortunes which are accumulated on her head by the artifices of selfish sensuality, and hellish depravity.

Nor are these misfortunes tardy to arrive. She has granted permission to Faustus to pass the night in her room, and, fearful that her mother might espy the visit, she consents to give her a soporific draught, which her lover says he has prepared for the purpose, and which he represents as perfectly innocent, or rather salutary. Alas! the potion has been prepared by Mephistopheles, and the mother of Margaret sleeps, never to awake again!

Margaret, now left alone, feels within her womb, the consequences of her indiscretion: she knows not how to hide her shame from the public eye;—nay, already it is suspected; the smile of derision, and the vulgar joke, are already current amongst her uneducated neighbours at her expense, and the sense of her infamy begins now to mingle with the delirium of her love.

Margaret has a brother, who is a soldier. He returns from the war eager to embrace the sister whom he expects to meet, as he had left her, lovely in innocence. The whisper of her dishonour poisons his ear before he has yet seen her. In the silence of night, Valentine approaches the maternal roof: from the fullness of his heart burst forth words which do not express the ferocious anger of a soldier, but the deep melancholy of a man, betrayed “where he had treasured up his soul.” He hears footsteps approach: it is Mephistopheles and Faustus, who prepare to give a serenade below Margaret's window:—her brother's grief is turned into vindictive fury: he de-

fies the two ; fights, and drops mortally wounded ! The assassins fly : the groans of Valentine bring a crowd of people from all quarters ; Margaret comes out with a light, and enquires who is the unhappy person that lies weltering in his blood ? The populace exclaim—"it is your brother—the son of your mother !" The wretched girl hears herself cursed by the dying person, who imprecates on her head all the calamities that usually attend the lot of the prostitute.

Deserted by her lover, bereft of all, Margaret has now no consolation left her on the earth. She goes to the house of God, where alone she can hope to find grace : but here she is disappointed and driven to despair. The church is full of people : a funeral ceremony is performing : the solemn sounds of the organ, the mournful ejaculations of the people, imploring peace for the soul of the defunct, the chaunting of the priests who announce the vengeance of heaven, almost cause her heart to burst, and fill her with dread and remorse. The evil spirit is hard by her even in the sanctuary : he whispers in her ear—"Where now, Margaret, are the serene days of thy innocence ? Then God was in your soul—that soul which is now oppressed with the weight of crime. Oh, miserable woman, what hast thou done ! Prayest thou now for the repose of thy mother who perished by thine own hand ? On the threshold of thy door there is blood : and, oh heaven, what blood ! Thy brother's !—Within thee leaps a living creature—how wilt thou be able to conceal thy sin,—how hide thy shame !"

These reproaches make her tremble, weep, and become delirious ; the agony of remorse, at length, causes her to fall senseless on the pavement.—Unfortunate, abused Margaret !—she groans under the weight of her desperation, and Faustus appears to have discarded her entirely from his thoughts. Conducted by Mephistopheles, he attends the nocturnal conclave, or sabbath of Witches on Walpurgisnight—and engages with them in their malign and brutal joys, and rites. However imaginative, and full

of smart repartee and satire, this picture of the riot of St. Walpurg may be, we must nevertheless blame the poet for having thus placed it in a part of his work, where it interferes most unpleasantly with an interest of a higher and more powerful nature—we mean the pathos of the situation in which the unhappy, but still amiable, Margaret is placed. How could Goethe have thought it possible to make us relish this fantastic extravagance, these mad subtleties of a poignant intellect, at the moment when he has so forcibly excited our pity, and with this passion filled our hearts. In this scene, he appears to us to consult propriety, and the wishes of his readers, only when at the conclusion, he introduces the apparition of a female—pale as death—whom Faustus instantly recognizes to be his Margaret. At the view of her mournful countenance, her woe-begone form, the tenderness of his former love is awakened in the mind of this deluded man ; and it is mingled with a compassion and remorse suggested by obscure, but horrible presages.

Impelled by the workings of despair, Margaret has *murdered her child* !—hoping thus to hide from the public eye the testimony of her dishonour. But by the public voice she is accused, and she is thrown into prison. Of all the dreadful agonies which his mistress has suffered, Faustus, as yet, knows nothing : he is informed of them on the eve before the day, when she is to expiate her crimes, as they relate to earth, under the hands of the executioner !

So dreadful a series of events, to which is just about to be added the most terrible of all—the loss of reason which the miserable girl experiences—would constitute too heart-rending a picture, if no ray of consolation fell over it, to temper, though not to dispel, the darkness of its horrors. The poet a master of his art, avoids rendering his composition insupportable to our feelings, although the excess of her woes was insupportable to the poor Margaret. To throw in the necessary alleviation, and to give that moral relief, which is demanded in a work of art that ventures

to depict the awful aspect of human misery, Goethe has recourse to an expedient which in no degree lessens the melancholy interest of his poem, while it presents a certain gratification to the feelings and the imagination of the reader. Faustus is made to experience in his mind a return to the benevolent sentiments of a human being.

The pain that lacerates the heart of Faustus, which had previously seemed possessed, under demoniac influence, with callous scorn of the bitterness of tears,—the anger with which he accuses Mephistopheles of being the perfidious cause of all the misery that has befallen his mistress,—the courageous pity which leads him deliberately to vow that he will front every danger, that he will risk every thing to save her,—his lamentations, his perplexity, contrasted against the cold smile of mockery with which Mephistopheles replies to him, are grateful, though mournful testimonials, of the nobleness of the human soul, which, in the midst of its worst wanderings, ever preserves certain traces of its divine origin.

Mephistopheles promises to cast the jailor asleep, so that Faustus may gain possession of the keys of the prison, and withdraw Margaret from her dungeon before the fatal dawn breaks—after which the demon will be ready, with his black steeds, to receive both, in the magical car, and to transport them from the city under cover of the darkness.

The night is advanced: Faustus goes to the prison: opens its gates: enters. The wretched Margaret does not know her seducer:—the terrified creature takes him for the executioner, come to drag her to death. "Barbarian," she cries, "who has given thee this right over me? It is but midnight. It is not yet the hour to conduct me to the scaffold. Oh take pity upon me, and let me live! To-morrow—to-morrow—will not that be soon enough. Oh God! so young—so young—and to be obliged to die in this way!"

The discourse of the malefactor is one continued delirium. Now she does not recollect that she has murdered her child, and begs that it may be brought to her, that she may suckle it: now,

having recognised Faustus, she prays him to fly to the place where she had drowned the innocent creature, in order to save it.—"Quick, quick," she cries, "save your poor son! Go—fly! keep still the path that leads by the side of the brook: cross the bridge: enter amongst the trees: to the left—to the left—close to the lock—in the deep pool—Oh catch him instantly! He rises! he stirs his little hands—his feet—save him—save him—oh save him! Quick, quick—save him!"

Confused and wandering in her ideas, she cannot steadily consider the dreadful nature of her own situation, nor can Faustus impress upon her the necessity of flight. She wishes, on the contrary, that her lover would live with her where she is,—and sooth her sorrows with a smile of compassionate tenderness:—then again she seems thunderstruck by the signs of his affection:—"How comes it," she cries, "that you do not hold me in horror! Know you, friend, whom you wish to save? I have slain my mother; I have drowned my son!—was not the poor child given as well to thee as to me?"

And now the first blush of morning shews itself in the eastern sky. Mephistopheles comes to the door of the cell:—"haste—haste," he exclaims, "you are lost—thus to waste your time in complaints, fears, and fancies! My horses already snuff the breeze of morning: the day already rises: another instant and I cannot save you!"

Margaret at this intrusion of Mephistopheles is suddenly struck, as it were, by a great shock; she recognizes the demon; her senses return; her delirium vanishes; she turns in penitence towards heaven; starts back from Faustus; and invokes God to sustain her in the extremity of her agony. The moment of death often brings back the senses from lunacy as well as delirium.

*Mephistopheles.*

(cries aloud) SHE IS JUDGED!

*Voices in heaven.*

(exclaim and chaunt)

SHE IS SAVED!

The fiend and the seducer of Margaret disappear together,—while the voice of the woman, forgiven by heaven,

is heard calling upon her Henry, as if to win him back from depravity and his fearful companion.

All the charms of poetry conspire to render supremely pathetic the story of the unfortunate Margaret. The verses which depict her innocence, her love, her remorse, her grief, her desperation, her madness, succeed to each other with such suitable and admirably adjusted melody—so sweet and at the same time so lugubrious—as almost to bid every other poet despair of rivalling Goethe in the art of versification. The heart is torn when we are thus forcibly and forever separated from the doomed Margaret, whom we continue to love notwithstanding her aberrations: and to the last dolorous groan of Faustus, when he rushes from her cell and leaves her to her earthly fate, we join the tear of our pity, which accompanies the fair malefactor to the threshold of future life.

The interest we take in Margaret is so strong as almost to destroy that which we ought to feel in the fortunes of Faustus, the hero of the piece. This would be a fault in the poem were it completed: but as we have but its first part, and no one can tell how dextrously the poet may be able to conduct us from an episode back to the original story, criticism must be silent on this point,—and, instead of displaying its rules, content itself with hoping that the author will yet give completion to his work.

Besides, the formalities of criticism would be very ill-applied to a production that is evidently conceived and executed in a spirit of bold experiment, and determined liberty. The *Faustus* is a wild composition, it may be said—a chaos,—but it is a chaos in which the qualities of genius, and the power of a robust, ardent, and sublime imagination are mingled in rich disorder;—where we find all the elements of the

grandest thoughts, and the most touching sensations. We might easily pass literary censure on the work, and justify it on established and even reasonable principles: we are sure that, in so doing, we should please the stiff, the precise, the formal, and the dull,—but liberal consciences in such matters would find our criticism very malapropos, or rather ridiculous. Such would ask us, if it was not likely that the poet knew all these objections as well as ourselves, and had made up his mind to despise them.

There is no appearance that Goethe wrote this dramatic poem with an idea of its ever being represented on the theatre. He seems only to have had in view the gratification of free and solitary imaginations, and musing intellects:—in short, like Lord Byron in his *Manfred*, the German writer designs his tragedy only for perusal.

The analogy that exists between these two dramas, has suggested this allusion to our noble poet. Yet we are far from joining some of the traducers of Lord Byron in calling his work a mere copy. Such an accusation, the offspring of envy and malignity, scarcely stands in need of refutation; not to mention many of the reasons against it, we may observe, that the combination made by the English poet of two moral phenomena—viz. the power of remorse, and self contempt for experiencing it,—is one perfectly new, the honour of which is solely due to Lord Byron. Further, it is exemplified in original situations, and treated with much novelty of thought and sublimity of feeling. Whatever may have been the effect of the German drama on the mind of Lord Byron, *Manfred* may justly claim the title of a grand and independent conception.

## REMARKABLE PRESERVATION FROM DEATH AT SEA.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

*Mr. Editor,*

I send you a translation of a most interesting letter, addressed to a German gentleman, now resident in Hamburg, from whom I received it, with permission to make what use of it I should think proper. I have translated it most literally; and tho' perhaps rather long for your Miscellany, I was unwilling to weaken its effects by the omission of any passage. The writer is still living, a man of very rare endowments, and the author of several fine Poems.

H.M.

DEAR FRIEND,

**Y**OU have often asked me to describe to you on paper an event in my life, which, at the distance of thirty years I cannot look back to without horror. No words can give an adequate image of the miseries I endured during that fearful night, but I shall try to give you something like a faint shadow of them, that from it your soul may conceive what I must have suffered.

I was, you know, on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years spent in unintermitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality.

Our voyage had been most cheerful and prosperous, and on Christmas-day we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity. For my own part I was the happiest man in existence. I had been unexpectedly raised from poverty to affluence—my Parents were longing once more to behold their erring but beloved Son, and I knew there was one dearer even than any parent, who had remained faithful to me through all my misfortunes, and would soon become mine for life.

About eight o'clock in the evening, I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind, at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night. A strong snow-storm blew, but steadily and without danger; and now and then, when the struggling moonlight overcame the sleety and misty darkness, we saw, for some distance round us, the agitated sea all tumbling with foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. I leant over the gunwale, ad-

miring the water rushing past like a foaming cataract, when, by some unaccountable accident, I lost my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my heart, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterwards a sensation of the most icy chilliness from immersion into the waves,—but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water I think that a momentary belief rushed across my mind that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand with long fingers clutching at my legs, and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after me as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch. On rising to the surface, I recollected in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in the extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I uttered in my sleep is said to be something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone for ever. The little happy world to which, a moment before, I had belonged, had swept by, and I felt that God had flung me at once from the heart of joy, delight and happiness, into the uttermost abyss of mortal misery and despair. Yes! I felt that the Almighty God had done this,—that there was an act, a fearful act of providence; and miserable worm that I was, I thought that the act was cruel, and a sort of wild, indefinite objectless rage and wrath assailed me,

and took for a while the place of that first shrieking terror. I gnashed my teeth and cursed myself,—and with bitter tears and yells blasphemed the name of God. It is true, my friend, that I did so. God forgave that wickedness. The Being whom I then cursed was in his tender mercy not unmindful of me,—of me, a poor, blind, miserable, mistaken worm. But the waves dashed on me, and struck me on the face, and howled at me; and the winds yelled, and the snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes,—and the ship, the ship was gone and there was I left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp, and sink, and perish, alone, unseen, and unpitied by man, and as I thought too, by the everlasting God. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes that felt leaping from their sockets, and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night,—but no ship—nothing but white-crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked, and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone,—and that too, when I knew that there were none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and when I tried to call aloud, there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion,—while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, reiterated and reiterated, and drove me along like a log of wood or a dead animal.

Once I muttered to myself, “this is a dream, and I shall awake.” I had often before dreamt of being drowned, and this idea of its being a dream so pressed upon me, that I vainly strove to shriek out, that the noise might awaken me. But oh! the transition, from this momentary and wild hope of its being all a dreadful dream, into the conviction of its reality! That indeed was something more hideous than a fanatic’s thought of hell. All at once I felt my inmost soul throttled, strangled, and stifled, by an insupportable fear of death. That death, which to my imagination had ever appeared the most hideous, and of which I had often dreamt till the drops fell down my forehead like rain, had now in good

truth befallen me; but dreadful as all my dreams had been, what were they all to this? I felt as if all human misery were concentrated in the speechless anguish of my own one single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and, with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard every thing they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a ben-coop had drifted towards me. At once all the stories I had ever read of mariners miraculously saved at sea rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would enable me to prolong my existence. I was no longer helpless on the cold-weltering world of waters; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all they could for me, gave to me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought; and I looked round eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snow-drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship I knew could not be far off, but for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. Ere she could have altered her course, I must have drifted a long way to leeward, and in that dim snowy night how was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of lightning, and then there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun, to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying to. But wherefore? I was separated from her by a dire necessity,—by many thousand fierce waves, that would not let my shrieks be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound, that

scarcely heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me, that the ship was farther and farther off, till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did they not send all their boats to row round and round all the night through, for the sake of one whom they pretended to love so well? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, till every motion of my soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to the wretched piece of wood that still kept me from eternity.

Was it not strange, that during all this time the image of my beloved friends at home never once flashed across my mind? My thoughts had never escaped beyond the narrow and dim horizon of the sea, at least never beyond that fatal ship. But now I thought of home, and the blessed things there, and so intensely bright was that flash of heavenly images, that for a moment my heart filled with happiness. It was terrible when the cold and dashing waves broke over me and that insane dreaming-fit, and awoke me to the conviction that there was nothing in store for me but an icy and lingering death, and that I who had so much to live for, was seemingly on that sole account most miserably to perish.

What a war of passions perturbed my soul! Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty, and heroic, for my best-beloved and long-betrothed? Had God kept me alive through fevers and plagues, and war and earthquake, thus to murder me at last? What mockery was all this? What horror would be in my gray-haired parents' house when they came to hear of my doom. "O Theresa! Theresa!" And thus I wept and turmoilled through the night. Sometimes I had little or no feeling at all—sullen and idealess. I wished myself drowned at once—yet life was still sweet; and in my weakened state I must have fallen from my frail vessel and been swallowed up, had I not, though even now I cannot remember when, or how, bound myself to it. I had done so with great care—but a fit of despair succeeding, I forgot the circumstance

entirely, and in that situation looked at myself with surprise and wonder.

That I had awful thoughts of the Eternity into which I felt gradually sinking, is certain; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world. All such thoughts were overthrown by alternate hope and despair connected with this life. Once, when I had resigned myself to death, and was supplicating the mercy of our Redeemer, I thought I heard the shrill cry of sea-birds flying over my head—and instantly I returned again to the hope of life. O for such wings! but mine I thought were broken, and like a wounded bird I lay floating powerlessly on the waves.

The night before I had had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that I had somewhere about me a phial of laudanum. I swallowed the whole of it—and ere long a strange effect was produced. I fell into a delirium, and felt a wild pleasure in dancing along over the waves. I imagined myself in a vessel and on a voyage, and had a dreamy impression that there was connected with it something of glory. Then I believed, in a moment after, that I had been bound, thrown overboard, and forsaken, by a mutinous Crew. As these various fancies alternated, I recollect, in my delirium, bursting out into loud peals of laughter—singing to myself—and huzzaing with a mad kind of enjoyment. Then, suddenly, a cold tremulous sickness would fall on me—a weight of sadness and despair. Every now and then there came these momentary flashings of reality; but the conviction of my personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultation of a raving madman. No wonder. The laudanum, the cold, the wet, the dashing, the buffeting, the agony, were enough to account for all this, and more than my soul dare even now to shadow out to her shuddering recollection. But as God pitied the miserable, so also has he forgiven the wicked thoughts of that unimaginable night.

During one of these delirious fits,—whether it was a dream or a reality I know not,—but methought I heard the most angelical music that ever breathed from heaven. It seemed to come on the winds—to rise up from the sea—to melt down from the stormy clouds. It was at last like a full band of instrumental music, soft, deep, wild, such as I have heard playing on board a ship of war. I saw a white gleam through the snow—I heard a rushing noise with the music,—and the glorious ghost of a ship went roaring past me, all illuminated with lamps—her colours flying—every sail set, and her decks crowded with men. Perhaps a real ship sailed by with festivity on board. Or was it a vision? Whatever it was, I felt no repining when it passed me by; it seemed something wholly alien to me; the delirium had swallowed up all fear, all selfishness; the past and future were alike forgotten, and I kept floating along, self-questioned no longer, assured that I was somehow or other a part of the waves and the tempest, and that the wonderful and beautiful vision that had sailed by me was an aboriginal Creature of the Ocean. There was unspeakable pride and grandeur in this delirium. I was more intensely conscious of a brightened existence than I ever was in the most glorious dream, and instead of fearing death, I felt as if I were immortal.

This delirium, I think, must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, land and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter. I thought I had a companion at my side, even her I best loved; now like an angel comforting me, and now like myself needing to be comforted, lying on my bosom cold, drenched, despairing, and insane, and uttering, with pale quivering lips, the most horrid and dreadful imprecations. Once I heard, methought, a voice crying from below the waves, “Hast thou forgot Theresa?” And looking down, I saw something like the glimmering of a shroud come slowly upwards, from a vast depth, to the surface of the water. I

stooped down to embrace it, and in a moment a ghastly blue-swollen face, defeatured horribly, as if by gnawing teeth of sea-monsters, dashed against mine; and as it sank again, I knew well to whom belonged the black streaming hair. But I awoke. The delirium was gone, and I was at once a totally different creature. I awoke into a low, heartless, quaking, quivering, fear-haunted, cowardly, and weeping despondency, in which all fortitude was utterly prostrated. The excitement had worn out my very soul. A corpse rising out of a cold clammy grave could not have been more woe-begone, spiritless, bloodless. Every thing was seen in its absolute dreadful reality. I was a Castaway—no hope of rescue. It was broad day-light, and the storm had ceased; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and charged with thunder: others like cliffs of fire; and here and there all streamered over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, and despairing sky. The sun itself was a dull brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned away from me. For whole hours they would adhere motionless to the sea, while I drifted away from them; and then a rushing wind would spring up, and carry them one by one into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me, as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, and for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed to be blended, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth, which I thought was Death, and into the kingdom of the eternal Future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my

head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord." My agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro. I heard dismal whisperings, and now and then a pale silent ghost glided by. A hideous din was over head, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. Was I in the land of spirits? But why strive to recount the mortal pain of my recovery, the soul-hum-

bling gratitude that took possession of my being? I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skilful man. I had been picked up apparently dead and cold. The hand of God was there. Adieu, my dear friend. It is now the hour of rest, and I hasten to fall down on my knees before the merciful Being who took pity upon me, and who, at the intercession of our Redeemer, may, I hope, pardon all my sins. Yours, &c.

## THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

A FEW years ago was to be seen on the road-side near Nannau, in Merionethshire, the seat of Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart. M. P. a large hollow oak known by the name of the "Spirit's blasted Tree" (*Ceubren yr Ellyll*). The event which gave rise to so ghostly an appellation, is preserved by tradition among the mountain peasants in this part of Merionethshire, and founded on a deadly feud that subsisted between the celebrated "wild, irregular Glyndwr \*," and his kinsman Howel Sele, then resident at Nannau. When Owen took up arms against the English, his cousin Howel, who possessed great influence in the country where he lived, declined to embrace a cause which, though perhaps laudable, and somewhat conformable to the rude spirit of the times, he foresaw would be unsuccessful, and bring down upon his country increased rigour and oppression. His refusal provoked the choleric Chieftain, and laid the foundation of an enmity which, though not immediately conspicuous, was not the less inveterate.

"Owen and this Chieftain had been long at variance. I have been informed that the Abbot of Cymmer Abbey,

near Dolgellen, in hopes of reconciling them brought them together, and to all appearance effected his charitable design. While they were walking out, Owen observed a doe feeding, and told Howel, who was reckoned the best archer of his day, that there was a fine mark for him. Howel bent his bow, and pretending to aim at the doe, suddenly turned and discharged the arrow full at the breast of Glyndwr, who fortunately had armour beneath his clothes, so received no hurt. Enraged at this treachery, he seized on Sele, burnt his house, and hurried him away from the place; nor could any one ever learn how he was disposed of till forty years after, when the skeleton of a large man, such as Howel, was discovered in the hollow of a great oak, in which Owen was supposed to have immured him in reward of his perfidy."

This oak, the terror of every peasant for miles round \*, remained in its place till within these few years, when one morning after a very violent storm, it was discovered, to the great regret of its worthy proprietor, blown to the ground, and its superannuated vitality destroyed for ever. All that could be

\* The present very respectable proprietor of Nannau is a descendant of Owen's, whose family name was Vychan, now modernized and softened into Vaughan, and not Glyndwr.

† "And to this day the peasant still

With cautious fear avoids the ground;  
In each wild branch a spectre sees,  
And trembles at each rising sound."

*Ceubren yr Ellyll, or the Spirit's blasted Tree, a L. legendary Tale.*

done with it was done. Sir Robert had it manufactured into work-tables, cabinets, drinking-vessels, and to extend its circulation still further, into snuff-boxes; these are distributed among the Baronet's friends, and highly are they

valued by their fortunate possessors, not only as the gifts of a gentleman almost idolized in Merionethshire, but as the relicks of so venerable and remarkable a parent.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

## THE PROGRESS OF INCONSTANCY. A TALE.

"Sweet, tender sex! with snares encompassed round,  
On others hang thy comforts and thy rest."

HOGG.

**N**ATURE has made woman weak, that she might receive with gratitude the protection of man. Yet how often is this appointment perverted! How often does her protector become her oppressor! Even custom seems leagued against her. Born with the tenderest feelings, her whole life is commonly a struggle to suppress them. Placed in the most favourable circumstances, her choice is confined to a few objects; and unless where singularly fortunate, her fondest partialities are only a modification of gratitude. She may reject, but cannot invite: may tell what would make her wretched, but dare not even whisper what would make her happy; and, in a word, exercises merely a negative upon the most important event of her life. Man has leisure to look around him, and may marry at any age, with almost equal advantage; but woman must improve the fleeting moment, and determine quickly, at the hazard of determining rashly. The spring-time of her beauty will not last; its wane will be the signal for the flight of her lovers; and if the present opportunity is neglected, she may be left to experience the only species of misfortune for which the world evinces no sympathy. How cruel, then, to increase the misery of her natural dependence! How ungenerous to add treachery to strength, and deceive or disappoint those whose highest ambition is our favour, and whose only safety is our honesty!

William Arbuthnot was born in a remote county of Scotland, where his father rented a few acres of land, which his own industry had reclaimed from the greatest wildness to a state of con-

siderable fertility. Having given, even in his first attempts at learning, those indications of a retentive memory, which the partiality of a parent easily construes into a proof of genius, he was early destined for the Scottish Church, and regarded as a philosopher before he had emerged from the nursery. While his father pleased himself with the prospect of seeing his name associated with the future greatness of his son, his mother, whose ambition took a narrower range, thought she could die contented if she should see him seated in the pulpit of his native church; and, perhaps from a pardonable piece of vanity, speculated as frequently upon the effect his appearance would have upon the hearts of the neighbouring daughters, as his discourses upon the minds of their mothers. This practice, so common among the poorer classes in Scotland, of making one of their children a scholar, to the prejudice, as is alleged, of the rest, has been often remarked, and sometimes severely censured. But probably the objections that have been urged against it, derive their chief force from the exaggerations upon which they are commonly founded. It is not in general true, that parents, by bestowing the rudiments of a liberal education upon one of the family, materially injure the condition or prospects of the rest. For it must be remembered, that the Plebeian student is soon left to trust to his own exertions for support, and, like the monitor of a Lancastrian seminary, unites the characters of pupil and master, and teaches and is taught by turns.

But to proceed with our little narrative—The parish schoolmaster having

intimated to the parents of his pupil, that the period was at hand when he should be sent to prosecute his studies at the university, the usual preparations were made for his journey, and his departure was fixed for the following day, when he was to proceed to Edinburgh under escort of the village carrier and his black dog Cæsar, two of the oldest and most intimate of his acquaintance. Goldsmith's poetical maxim, that little things are great to little men, is universally true; and this was an eventful day for the family of Belhervie, for that was the name of the residence of Mr. Arbuthnot. The father was as profuse of his admonition as the mother was of her tears, and had a stranger beheld the afflicted group, he would have naturally imagined that they were bewailing some signal calamity, in place of welcoming an event to which they had long looked forward with pleasure. But the feelings of affectionate regret, occasioned by this separation, were most seasonably suspended by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Coventry, a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, in which that gentleman offered to engage their son for a few years, as a companion and tutor to his children. This was an offer which his parents were too prudent to reject, particularly as it might prove the means of future patronage as well as of present emolument. It was therefore immediately agreed upon, that William should himself be the bearer of their letter of acceptance, and proceed forthwith to his new residence. On this occasion he was admonished anew; but the advices were different from those formerly given, and were delivered by a different person. His mother was now the principal speaker; and instead of warning him against the snares that are laid for youth in a great city, she furnished him with some rude lessons on the principles of good-breeding, descending to a number of particulars too minute to be enumerated here. William listened to her harangue with becoming reverence and attention, and on the following morning, for the first time, bade farewell to his affectionate parents.

On the afternoon of the same day, he arrived at Daisybank, where he was welcomed with the greatest cordiality. His appearance was genteel and prepossessing, and it was not long before his new friends discovered, that the slight degree of awkwardness which at first clung to his manners, proceeded more from bashfulness and embarrassment than natural rusticity. But as he began to feel himself at home, this embarrassment of manner gradually gave place to an easy but unobtrusive politeness. Indeed it would not have been easy for a youth of similar views, at his first outset in life, to have fallen into more desirable company. Mr. and Mrs. Coventry were proverbial among their neighbours for the simplicity and purity of their manners, and they had laboured, not unsuccessfully, to stamp a similar character upon the minds of their children. Their family consisted of two sons and two daughters, the former of whom were confided to the care of William.

Mary, the eldest of the four, now in her 16th or 17th year, was in every respect the most interesting object at Daisybank. To a mind highly cultivated for her years, she united many of those personal graces and attractions, which command little homage in the crowd, but open upon us in the shade of retirement, and lend to the domestic circle its most irresistible charms. In stature she scarcely reached the middle size. To the beauty derived from form and colour she had few pretensions; yet when her fine blue eyes moistened with a tear at a tale of distress, or beamed an unaffected welcome to the stranger or the friend, he must have been more or less than man who felt not for her a sentiment superior to admiration. Her's, in a word, was the beauty of expression—the beauty of a mind reflected, in which the dullest discipline of Lavater could not for a moment have mistaken her real character. Her education had been principally conducted under the eye of her parents, and might be termed domestic rather than fashionable. Not that she was entirely a stranger to those acquire-

ments which are deemed indispensable in modern education. She had visited occasionally a great metropolis, though, owing to the prudent solicitude of her parents, her residence there had been comparatively short, yet probably long enough to acquire all its useful or elegant accomplishments, without any admixture of its fashionable frivolities.

From this hasty portraiture of Miss Coventry, it will easily be believed that it was next to impossible for a youth nearly of the same age, and not dissimilar in his dispositions, to remain long insensible to charms that were gradually maturing before his eyes, and becoming every day more remarkable. Fortunately, however, the idea of dependence attached to his situation, and a temper naturally diffident, determined him to renounce for ever a hope which he feared in his present circumstances would be deemed ungrateful and even presumptuous. But this was waging war with nature, a task which he soon found to be above his strength. He had now, therefore, to abandon the hope of victory for the safety of retreat, and content himself with concealing those sentiments he found it impossible to subdue. Yet so deceitful is love, that even this modest hope was followed with disappointment. One fine evening in June, when he was about to unbend from the duties of the day, and retire to muse upon the amiable Mary, he encountered the fair wanderer herself, who was probably returning from a similar errand. He accosted her in evident confusion, and, without being conscious of what he said, invited her to join him in a walk to a neighbouring height. His request was complied with in the same spirit it had been made, for embarrassment is often contagious, particularly the embarrassment arising from love. On this occasion he intended to summon up all his powers of conversation, and yet his companion had never found him so silent. Some common-place compliments to the beauty of the evening were almost the only observations which escaped his lips, and these he uttered more in the manner of a sleep-

walker than a lover. They soon reached the limit of their walk, and rested upon an eminence that commanded the prospect of an extensive valley below. Day was fast declining to that point which is termed twilight, when the whole irrational creation seem preparing for rest, and only man dares to intrude upon the silence of nature. Miss Coventry beheld the approach of night with some uneasiness, and dreading to be seen with William alone, she began to rally him upon his apparent absence and confusion, and proposed that they should immediately return to the house. At mention of this, William started as from a dream, and being unable longer to command his feelings, he candidly confessed to her the cause of his absence and dejection. He dwelt with much emotion upon his own demerit, and voluntarily accused himself for the presumption of a hope which he never meant to have revealed until the nearer accomplishment of his views had rendered it less imprudent and romantic. He declared, that he would sooner submit to any hardship than incur the displeasure of her excellent parents, and intreated, that whatever were her sentiments with regard to the suit he was so presumptuous as to prefer, that she might assist him in concealing from them a circumstance which he feared would be attended with that consequence. To this tender and affectionate appeal, the gentle Mary could only answer with her sighs and blushes. She often indeed attempted to speak, but the words as often died upon her lips, and they had nearly reached home before she could even whisper an answer to the reiterated question of her lover. But she did answer at last; and never was a monarch more proud of his conquest, or the homage of tributary princes, than William was of the simple fealty of the heart of Mary.

In the bosom of this happy family, William now found his hours glide away so agreeably, that he looked forward with real regret to the termination of his engagement. His condition was perhaps one of those in which the nearest approach is made to perfect happi-

ness. When the youthful mind, unseparated by the blandishments of ambition, confines its regards to a few favourite objects, and dreads a separation from them as the greatest of evils. The contrast between the patriarchal simplicity of his father's fireside, and the comparative elegance of Mr. Coventry's parlour, for a season dazzled him with its novelty; while the ripening graces of Mary threw around him a fascination which older and more susceptible minds than his might have found it difficult to resist. In his domestic establishment, Mr. Coventry aimed at nothing beyond comfort and gentility. William was therefore treated in every respect as an equal, and was never banished from his patron's table to make room for a more important guest, or condemned to hold lent over a solitary meal, while the family were celebrating a holiday.

All our ideas are relative, and we estimate every thing by comparison. Upon this principle, William thought no female so lovely or amiable as Miss Coventry, and no residence so delightful as Daisybank. And he would not have exchanged his feelings, while seated on a winter evening amidst his favourite circle, scanning, for their amusement, a page of history, or the columns of a newspaper, while the snugness and comfort that reigned within made him forget the storm that pelted without, for the most delicious paradise an eastern imagination ever painted.

It will thus readily be imagined, that the saddest day of our tutor's life was that on which he parted from this amiable family. He had here, he believed, spent the happiest moments of his existence, and instead of rejoicing that he had passed through one stage of his apprenticeship, he dwelt upon the past with pleasure, and looked forward to the future with pain.

Fortune, however, presented an insuperable obstacle to his spending his days in the inaction of private study; and he knew that he could neither gain, nor deserved to gain, the object of his affection, without establishing himself in life, by pursuing the course which had been originally chalked out

to him. After, therefore, "pledging oft to meet again," he bade adieu to Daisybank, loaded with the blessings of the best of parents, and followed with the prayers of the best of daughters. He now paid a farewell visit to his parents; and after remaining with them a few days, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and for a short period felt his melancholy relieved, by the thousand novelties that attract the notice of a stranger in a great city. But this was only a temporary relief, and as he had no friend in whom he could confide, he soon felt himself solitary in the midst of thousands. Often, when the Professor was expatiating upon the force of the Greek particles, his imagination was hovering over the abodes he had forsaken; and frequently it would have been more difficult for him to have given an account of the lectures he had been attending, than to have calculated the probability of what was passing at an hundred miles distance. But this absence and dejection at last wore off, and as he possessed good natural talents, and had been an industrious student formerly, he soon distinguished himself in his classes; and before the usual period, was engaged as a tutor in one of the best families in Scotland.

This event formed another important era in his life. His prospects were now flattering, and as vanity did not fail to exaggerate them, he soon dropped a considerable portion of his humility, and began to regard himself as a young man of merit, to whom fortune was lavish of her favours. In his leisure hours he was exposed to mingle much in society, and as his manners and address were easy and engaging, scarcely a week elapsed that did not add to the number of his friends. The affections, when divided into many channels, cannot run deep in any, and, probably, for every new acquaintance whom William honoured with his esteem, it required a sacrifice of friendship at the expense of love, and produced some abatement of that devotion of soul which accompanies every true and permanent attachment. At Daisy-

band he had seen a simple favourite of the graces, but here he beheld the daughters of wealth and of fashion, surrounded with all the gloss of art, and soon began to waver in his attachment, and even to regard his engagement as little more than a youthful frolic. Still this temper of mind was not attained without many struggles between love and ambition, honour and interest; nor could he ever for a moment commune with himself, without feeling remorse for his inconstancy and ingratitude. He could not annihilate the conviction, that Miss Coventry was as faithful and worthy as ever, and had she been present to appeal to his senses, it is probable he might have been preserved from the crime of apostasy. But these were fits of reflection and repentance which repetition soon deprived of their poignancy. The world, the seductive world, returned with all its opiates and charms, to stifle in his bosom the feelings of honour, and obliterate every trace of returning tenderness. After this he became less punctual in his correspondence with Miss Coventry, and in place of anticipating the arrival of her letters, as he was wont to do, he allowed them to be sent slowly to his lodgings, opened them without anxiety, and read them without interest. Of all this inconstancy, ingratitude, and neglect, the simple Mary remained a silent, though not unconcerned, spectator. Kind and generous by nature, and judging of others by herself, she framed a thousand excuses for his negligence; and when he did condescend to write to her, answered him as she had been unconscious of any abatement in his attentions.

Matters remained in this uncertain state for the space of three long years, at least they seemed long to Miss Coventry, when William received his license as a preacher. He now therefore thought of redeeming a pledge he had given to the minister of his native parish, to make his first public appearance in his pulpit; and after giving due intimation, he departed for the parish of —, with his best sermon in the

pocket of his best coat. The account of his visit spread with telegraphic despatch, long before telegraphs were invented, and was known over half the county many days before his arrival. This was another great and eventful day for his mother. She blessed providence that she had lived to see the near fulfilment of her most anxious wish, and rising a little in her ambition, thought she could now die contented, if she should see him settled in a living of his own, and be greeted by her neighbours with the envied name of grandmother.—As William was expected to dine with his parents on his way to the parsonage, or, as it is called in Scotland, the manse of —, great preparations were made for his reception, and for the appearance of the whole family at church on the following Sunday. Mrs. Arbuthnot drew from the family-chest her wedding-gown, which had only seen the sun twice during thirty summers; and her husband, for the first time, reluctantly applied a brush to his holiday suit, which appeared, from the antiquity of its fashion, to have descended, like the garments of the Swiss, through many successive generations of the Arbuthnots.

The little church of H— was crowded to the door, perhaps for the first time, long before the bellman had given the usual signals. Mr. Coventry, though residing in a different parish, had made a journey thither with several of his family, for the purpose of witnessing the first public appearance of his friend. In this party was the amiable Mary, who took a greater interest in the event than any one, save the preacher, was aware of.

William, on this occasion, recited a well written discourse with ease and fluency, and impressed his audience with a high opinion of his talents and and piety. Some of the elder of them, indeed, objected to his gestures and pronunciation, which they thought “new fangled” and theatrical; but they all agreed in thinking him a clever lad, and a great honour to his parents. His mother was now overwhelmed with compliments and congratulation from

all quarters, which she received with visible marks of pride and emotion. Mr. Coventry waited in the churchyard till the congregation had retired, to salute his friend, and invite him to spend a few days at Daisybank. Mary, who hung in her father's arm, curtsied, blushed, and looked down. She had no well-turned compliment to offer on the occasion, but her eyes expressed something at parting, which once would have been sweeter to his soul than the applause of all the world beside.

Ambition, from the beginning, has been the bane of love. War and peace are not more opposite in their nature and effects than those rival passions, and the bosom that is agitated with the cares of the one has little relish for the gentle joys of the other. William beheld in the person of Miss Coventry all he had been taught to regard as amiable in woman, but the recollection of the respect that had been shewn him by females of distinction, mixed with exaggerated notions of his own merit, made him undervalue those simple unobtrusive graces he once valued so highly, and think almost any conquest easy after he had been settled in the rich living of B——, which had been promised him by his patron.

On the following day he paid a visit to Daisybank, and received the most cordial welcome from a family who sympathised almost equally with his parents in his prospects and advancement. During his stay there, he had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Coventry alone, but he neglected, or rather avoided them all; and when rallied on the subject of marriage, declaimed on the pleasures of celibacy, and hinted, with a good deal of insincerity, his intention of living single. Although these speeches were like daggers to the mind of her who regretted she could not rival him in inconstancy and indifference, they produced no visible alteration in her behaviour. Hers was not one of those minds in which vanity predominates over every other feeling, and where disappointment is commonly relieved by the ha-

tred or resentment which it excites. Her soul was as soft as the passion that enslaved it, and the traces of early affection are not easily effaced from a mind into which the darker passions have never entered.

William bade adieu to Miss Coventry, without dropping one word upon which she could rear the superstructure of hope, and carried with him her peace of mind, as he had formerly carried with him her affections. From that hour she became pensive and melancholy, in spite of all her efforts to appear cheerful and happy. She had rejected many lovers for the inconstant's sake, but that gave her no concern. Her union with him had been long the favourite object of her life, and she could have patiently resigned existence, now that its object was lost. But she shuddered at the thought of the shock it would give her affectionate parents, for the softer feelings of our nature are all of one family, and the tenderest wives have ever been the most dutiful daughters.

It was impossible for Mary long to conceal the sorrow which consumed her. Her faded cheeks and heavy eyes gave daily indications of what her lips refused to utter. Her parents became deeply alarmed at these symptoms of indisposition, and anxiously and unceasingly inquired into the cause of her illness; but her only answer was, that she felt no pain. The best physicians were immediately consulted upon her case, recommended change of air and company; but all these remedies were tried without effect. The poison of disappointment had taken deep root in her heart, and defied the power of medicine.

Her attendants, when they found all their prescriptions ineffectual, began to ascribe her malady to its real cause, and hinted to her parents their apprehensions that she had been crossed in love. The good people, though greatly surprised at the suggestion, had too much prudence to treat it with indifference, and they left no means untried, consistent with a regard for the feelings of their child, to wile from her the

important secret. At first she endeavoured to evade their inquiries; but finding it impossible to allay their apprehensions without having recourse to dissimulation, she confessed to her mother her attachment to William, concealing only the promises he had made to her, and every circumstance that imputed to him the slightest degree of blame. At the same time she entreated them, with the greatest earnestness, that no use might be made of a secret which she wished to have carried with her to the grave. This was a hard task imposed upon her parents. They felt equally with herself the extreme delicacy of making the disclosure; but, on the other hand, they contemplated nothing but the probable loss of their child; an event, the bare apprehension of which filled their minds with the bitterest anguish. After many anxious consultations, Mr. Coventry determined, unknown to any but his wife, to pay a visit to William, and ascertain his sentiments with regard to his daughter.

Upon his arrival at Edinburgh, he found that his friend had departed for the manse of B——, with which he had been recently presented. This event, which in other circumstances would have given him the liveliest pleasure, awakened on this occasion emotions of a contrary nature, as he feared it would make his now reverend friend more elevated in his notions, and consequently more averse to an union with his daughter. He did not, however, on that account conceal the real object of his journey, or endeavour to accomplish his purpose by stratagem or deceit. He candidly disclosed his daughter's situation and sentiments, requesting of his friend that he would open to him his mind with equal candour; and added, that although he held wealth to be an improper motive in marriage, and hoped that his daughter did not require such a recommendation, that in the event of this union, whatever he possessed would be liberally shared with him.

On hearing of the situation of Miss Coventry, William became penetrated with the deepest remorse; and being

aware that his affection for her was rather stifled than estranged, he declared his willingness to make her his wife. These words operated like a charm upon the drooping spirits of the father; who embraced his friend with ardour, and besought him immediately to accompany him home, that they might lose no time in making a communication, which he fondly hoped would have a similar effect upon the spirits of his daughter.

They departed accordingly together, indulging in the pleasing hope that all would yet be well; but on their arrival at Daisybank, they were seriously alarmed to hear that Miss Coventry had been considerably worse since her father left home. She was now entirely confined to her chamber, and seemed to care for nothing so much as solitude, and an exemption from the trouble of talking. As soon as she was informed of the arrival of their visitor, she suspected he had been sent for, and therefore refused to see him; but upon being assured by her mother, who found deceit in this instance indispensable, that his visit was voluntary and accidental, she at last consented to give him an interview.

On entering the room, which had formerly been the family parlour, William was forcibly struck with the contrast it exhibited. Every object seemed to swim before his sight, and it was some moments before he discovered Miss Coventry, who reclined upon a sofa at the farther end of the room. He advanced with a beating heart, and grasped the burning hand that was extended to meet him. He pressed it to his lips and wept, and muttered something incoherent of forgiveness and love. He looked doubtingly on Mary's face for an answer,—but her eye darted no reproach, and her lips uttered no reflection. A faint blush, that at this moment overspread her cheek, seemed a token of returning strength, and inspired him with confidence and hope. It was the last effort of nature,—and ere the blood could return to its fountain, that fountain had closed for ever. Death approached

his victim under the disguise of sleep, and appeared divested of his usual pains and terrors.

William retired from this scene of unutterable anguish, and for a long period was overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy and remorse. But time gradually softened and subdued his sorrow, and I trust perfected his re-

pentance. He is since married and wealthy, and is regarded by the world as an individual eminently respectable and happy. But, amidst all his comforts, there are moments when he would exchange his identity with the meanest slave that breathes, and regards himself as the murderer of Mary Coventry. J. M'D.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

## ACCOUNT OF MARGARET LYALL,

WHO CONTINUED IN A STATE OF SLEEP NEARLY SIX WEEKS.

By the Rev. James Brewster, Minister of Craig.

**M**MARGARET LYALL, a young woman about 21 years of age, daughter of John Lyall, shoemaker in the parish of Marytown, served, during the winter half-year of 1815, in the family of Peter Arkley, Esq. of Dunninald, in the parish of Craig. She then went as servant to the Rev. Mr. Foote of Logie; but, in a few days after, was seized with a slow fever, which confined her to her bed for rather more than a fortnight. During the latter part of her illness she was conveyed to her father's house; and, on the 23d June, eight days after she had been able to leave her bed, she resumed her situation with Mrs. Foote, who had, in the mean time, removed to Budden, in the parish of Craig, for the benefit of sea-bathing. She was observed, after her return, to do her work rather in a hurried manner; and, when sent upon any errand, to run or walk very quickly, as if impatient to finish whatever she had in hand. Her health, however, appeared to be perfectly restored, except that her menses were obstructed. On Tuesday morning, June 27th, about four days after her return to service, she was found in bed in a deep sleep, with the appearance of blood having flowed from her nose; about half a pint of which was perceived on the floor at her bed-side. All attempts to awaken her proved ineffectual; and she was conveyed to her father's house, about half a mile distant from Budden. Dr. Gibson, physician in Montrose, having been called, a pound of blood

was taken from her arm; but she still remained in the same lethargic state, without making the slightest motion, or taking any nourishment, or having any kind of evacuation, till the afternoon of Friday, 30th of June, when she awoke of her own accord, and asked for food. At this period she possessed all her mental and bodily faculties; mentioned that she recollected her having been awakened on Tuesday morning at two o'clock, by a bleeding at her nose, and that she held her head over the bedside; but said, that from that moment she had no feeling or remembrance of any thing, and felt only as if she had taken a very long sleep. An injection was administered with good effect, and she went to sleep as usual; but, next morning, (Saturday, July 1) she was found in the same state of profound sleep as before. Her breathing was so gentle as to be scarcely perceptible, her countenance remarkably free from any expression of distress; but her jaws were so firmly locked, that no kind of food or liquid could be introduced into her mouth. In this situation she continued for the space of seven days, without any motion, food or evacuation of any kind. At the end of that time, she began to move her left hand; and, by pointing it to her mouth, signified a wish for food. She took readily whatever was given to her, and shewed an inclination to eat more than was thought advisable by the medical attendants. Still, however, she discovered no symptoms of hearing, and

made no other kind of bodily movement than that of her left hand. Her right hand and arm, particularly, appeared completely dead and devoid of feeling, and even when pricked with a pin, so as to draw blood, never shrunk in the smallest degree, or indicated the slightest sense of pain. At the same time, she instantly drew back the left arm, whenever it was touched by the point of the pin. She continued to take food, whenever it was offered to her; and when the bread was put into her left hand, and the hand raised by another person to her mouth, she immediately began to eat slowly, but unremittingly, munching like a rabbit, till it was finished. It was remarked, that if it happened to be a slice of loaf given her, she turned the crust, so as to introduce it more easily into her mouth, as if she had been fully sensible of what she was doing. But when she had ceased to eat, her hand dropped upon her chin or under lip, and rested there, till it was replaced by her side, or upon her breast. She took medicine, when it was administered, as readily as food, without any indication of disgust; and, in this way, by means of castor oil and aloetic pills, her bowels were kept open; but no evacuation ever took place without the use of a laxative.

The eye-lids were uniformly shut, and, when forced open, the ball of the eye appeared turned upwards, so as to shew only the white part of it. Her friends shewed considerable reluctance to allow any medical means to be used for her recovery; but, about the middle of July, her head was shaved, and a large blister applied, which remained nineteen hours, and produced an abundant issue, yet without exciting the smallest symptom of uneasiness in the patient. Sinapisms were also applied to her feet, and her legs were moved from hot water into cold, and *vice versa*, without any appearance of sensation. In this state she remained, with-

out any apparent alteration, till Tuesday the 8th day of August, precisely six weeks from the time when she was first seized with her lethargy, and without ever appearing to be awake, except, as mentioned, on the afternoon of Friday the 30th of June. During the whole of this period, her colour was generally that of health; but her complexion rather more delicate than usual, and occasionally changing, sometimes to paleness, and at other times to a feverish flush. The heat of her body was natural; but when lifted out of bed, she generally became remarkably cold. The state of her pulse was not regularly marked; but, during the first two weeks, it was generally at 50; during the 3d and 4th week, about 60; and, the day before her recovery, at 70 or 72; whether its increase was gradual was not ascertained. She continued, during the whole period, to breathe in the same soft and almost imperceptible manner as at first; but was observed occasionally, during the night time, to draw her breath more strongly, like a person who had fallen asleep. She discovered no symptoms of hearing, till about four days of her recovery; when, upon being requested (as she had often been before, without effect) to give a sign if she heard what was said to her, she made a slight motion with her left hand, but soon ceased again to show any sense of hearing. On Tuesday forenoon, the day of her recovery, she shewed evident signs of hearing; and by moving her left hand intimated her assent or dissent in a tolerable intelligent manner; yet, in the afternoon of the same day, she seemed to have again entirely lost all sense of hearing. About 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, her father, a shrewd intelligent man and of most respectable character, anxious to avail himself of her recovered sense of hearing, and hoping to rouse her faculties by alarming her fears,\* sat down at her bed-side, and told her that he had now given con-

\* Lest it might be supposed, that this procedure of the father implied a suspicion on his part of some deception being practised by the young woman, it may be proper to state that it was suggested by his own experience in the case of another daughter, who had been affected many years before in a very extraordinary degree with St. Vitus's dance, or, as it is termed in this country, "The louping ague;" and who was almost instantaneously cured by the application of terror.

sent, (as was in fact the case,) that she should be removed to the Montrose Infirmary; that, as her case was remarkable, the doctors would naturally try every kind of experiment for her recovery; that he was very much distressed, by being obliged to put her entirely into their hands; and would "fain hope" that this measure might still be rendered unnecessary, by her getting better before the time fixed for her removal. She gave evident signs of hearing him, and assented to his proposal of having the usual family-worship in her bed-chamber. Afterwards she was lifted into a chair till her bed should be made; and her father, taking hold of her right hand, urged her to make an exertion to move it. She began to move first the thumb, then the rest of the fingers in succession, and next her toes in like manner. He then opened her eye-lids, and presenting a candle, desired her to look at it, and asked, whether she saw it. She answered, "Yes," in a low and feeble voice. She now proceeded gradually, and in a very few minutes, to regain all her faculties; but was so weak as scarcely to be able to move. Upon being interrogated respecting her extraordinary state, she mentioned, that she had no knowledge of any thing that had happened; that she remembered indeed, having conversed with her friends at her former awakening, (Friday afternoon, 30th of June) but felt it a great exertion then to speak to them; that she recollected also having heard the voice of Mr. Cowie, minister in Montrose, (the person who spoke to her on the forenoon of Tuesday the 8th of August.) but did not hear the persons who spoke to her on the afternoon of the same day; that she had never been conscious of having either needed or received food, of having been lifted from the bed, or of any other cir-

cumstance in her case. She had no idea of her having been blistered; and expressed great surprise, upon discovering that her head was shaved. She continued in a very feeble state for a few days, but took her food nearly as usual, and improved in strength so rapidly, that on the last day of August she began to work as a reaper in the service of Mr. Arkley of Dunninald; and continued to perform the regular labour of the harvest for three weeks, without any inconvenience, except being extremely fatigued the first day.

After the conclusion of the harvest, she went into Mr. Arkley's family, as a servant; and on the 27th day of September, was found in the morning by her fellow-servants, in her former state of profound sleep, from which they were unable to rouse her. She was conveyed immediately to her father's house, (little more than a quarter of a mile distant,) and remained exactly fifty hours in a gentle, but deep sleep, without making any kind of evacuation, or taking any kind of nourishment. Upon awakening, she arose apparently in perfect health, took her breakfast, and resumed her work as usual at Dunninald. On the 11th of October, she was again found in the morning in the same lethargic state; was removed to the house of her father, where she awoke as before, after the same period of fifty hours sleep; and returned to her service, without seeming to have experienced any inconvenience. At both of these times her menses were obstructed. Dr. Henderson, physician in Dundee, who happened to be on a visit to his friends at Dunninald, prescribed some medicines suited to that complaint; and she has ever since been in good health, and able to continue in service.\*

JAS. BREWSTER,  
*Minister of Craig.*

\* On the morning of Sept. 21, 1816, Margaret Lyall, whose case is described above, was found in an out-house at Dunninald, hanged by her own hands. No cause could be assigned for this unhappy act. Her health had been good for nearly a year, and she had been comfortable in her situation. It was thought by the family, that a day or two preceding her death, her eyes had the appearance of rolling rather wildly; but she had assisted in the usual occupations the day before, and been in good spirits that evening. On the following morning, she was seen to bring in the milk as usual, and was heard to say in passing rather hurriedly, that something had gone wrong about her dairy; but was not seen again till found dead about half an hour after. She was known to have a strong abhorrence of the idea of her former distress recurring; and to have occasionally manifested, especially before her first long sleep, the greatest depression of spirit, and even disgust of life.

# CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

From the English Magazines.

## MARY MAGDALENE.

THE discrepancy of opinion, as to the number of Marys in Holy Writ, is worth removing. Theophylact mentions four; Mary, the mother of James, Josès, and our Lord; Mary, wife of Cleophas; Mary, the sister of Lazarus; and Mary Magdalene. Gregory Nyssen, on the authority of St. John, enumerates but three, leaving out the sister of Lazarus, unless I can, with all due respect to Dr. Lardner, prove her to be Mary Magdalene. It is positively said by St. John, that Mary of Bethany, sister to Lazarus, was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair (ch. xi. v. 1. and 2, and ch. xii. 1, 2, 3). St. Luke asserts, that the woman who did this was a sinner (ch. vii. v. 37, 38). St. Mark says, that Mary Magdalene was she out of whom our Lord cast seven Devils (chap. xvi. v. 9); and perhaps our Lord's prohibitions to touch him (John xx. 17) after his resurrection, might allude to her former demoniacal and sinful state. Thus far these two women seem to be identified, and the difficulty arises from the second name *Magdalene*, which has always been supposed to be *nomen gentile*, having reference to Magdala, an ideal city on the Western bank of the lake Siberias, whereas the family of Mary, the sister of Lazarus, was of Bethany. Now as the article in the original Greek is used indifferently, she might as justly be so called from some act of her life, like John the Baptist, as from her country, like Simon the Canaanite. The chief occurrence of her life was anointing our Lord's feet with oil, and wiping them with her hair, instead of a towel or napkin, of which they had none in antient Greece; but they had what served them instead, the soft part of bread on which they cleansed their hands, as the Persians and Abyssinians still do. This substance in classic

Greek was called *αγδαλια* and in vernacular Greek we have the authority of Dodwell for stating that a towel is called *magdalee* or *αμγδαλη*; hence Mary Magdalene, or Mary of the Napkin, may be the sister of Lazarus, and of the city of Bethany; there will then be only three Marys, and all discrepancy on this trifle ceases. I am further supported by the curious fact, that surname or agnomen (since you observe I take it for granted that it is derived from the act, and not from the city) is never added by any Evangelist till after the record of the act of wiping the feet. I cannot conclude without acknowledging, and calling on my brethren to acknowledge, with humble gratitude, the blessing of God, who has caused all the researches of modern travellers to abound in results which elucidate more and more the dark passages of holy writ, and serve to confirm the wavering. I am indebted to our countryman Mr. Dodwell for the observation, that *μαγδαλη* is now in common use amongst modern Greeks.

## ANECDOTE.

The silver coins of the Czar Iwan were, during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, prohibited in Russia under very severe penalties; at which period a carpenter, a native of Germany, who had worked several years in St. Petersburg, intending to go back to his native country, provided himself with a regular passport, and embarked at Cronstadt. Just as the ship was about to sail an officer of the government came on board, and forbade him to take any silver coin; asking whether he had any? Without hesitation, the carpenter answered that he had none except a few silver roubles, with which he intended to pay for the passage. He was desired to show these roubles. He did so; and there was found among them one rouble with Iwan's effigy.

He was asked from whom he had received this coin? To this he could not give any satisfactory answer, as he had laid by these roubles at different times for his voyage, without particularly noticing them. He was dragged to prison, from thence to St. Petersburg; and, notwithstanding all his asseverations of innocence, and ignorance of his offence, he was sent to Siberia.

#### THE CASTLE OF MARIENBURG IN PRUSSIA.

The Castle of Marienburg was built by the Knights of the Teutonic order, in the time of their prosperity. This splendid and remarkable edifice has suffered severely not so much by the injuries of time, as by gross negligence and by being employed for the most common purposes. The French, if we are rightly informed, used it for a magazine, and even converted a part of it into stabling for their cavalry. As soon, however, as the Prussian monarchy regained its independence, it was resolved to restore this noble monument to its pristine splendour, and considerable progress has been made in it the last summer (1820).

They will soon proceed to the repair of the great statue of the Virgin, which is placed outside of the church. It is 25 feet 4 inches high, and that of the infant Jesus is nearly 6 feet. It is a niche of blue and gold, formed of mosaic work, as well as the statue. It has stood for 300 years in the open air without being spoiled and has still lustre. The mosaic work is composed of pieces of glass an inch square, cut in the form of a wedge, and a plate of gold is laid on them.

#### SECRETARY.

The name of Secretary was at first applied to such as, being always near the King's person, received his commands. These were called *Clerks of the Secret*, whence was afterwards formed the word *Secretary*, *regi a secretis*.

There was but one Secretary of State in this kingdom till about the end of the reign of King Henry VII.; but then, business increasing, that Prince

appointed a *second Secretary*; both of equal power, and both stiled "Principal Secretaries of State."

These Secretaries did not sit at the Council Board till the time of Queen Elizabeth, who first admitted them to the place of Privy Counsellors.

#### DISEASEST,

for *troublest*, *disturbest*, &c. is of frequent occurrence in the Bishops' Bible;

"Why *diseasest* thou the Master?"

5 Mark, 35.

"Thy daughter is dead, *disease* not the Master?"

8 Luke, 49.

and I can find no reason why it may not be retained. Johnson gives it as a verb active, and quotes Shakspeare,

"Let her alone, Lady! as she is now, she will but *disease* our better mirth."

I think it very expressive, and full as good a compound as any of the other *diss's* now in use.

#### EAR. EARING. EARED.

"And will set them to *ear* his ground, and to reap his harvest." 1 Sam. 8. 12.

"And yet there are five years in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest." 45 Genesis 6.

The words *ear*, *earing*, and *eared*, are in such common use in the Scriptures, and in divers authors, for, "to plough," "ploughing," and "ploughed," that I am quite astonished at Dr. Johnson's entire omission of them, especially as Bailey (as well as Skinner) has the Saxon verb active, "*to ear*, (derived from the latin *aro*) to till, to plough," &c. and gives us one of the quotations above (45 Genesis) and also the word "*earable*" from whence our present word *arable*. They ought each of them to have a place in the new Dictionary.

#### ETON MONTEM.

The Eton *Montem*, so called from a mount at Salt-hill, to which the Eton Scholars go in military procession on Whit Tuesday in every third year, was held May 23, 1820: there was an immense assemblage of persons to witness the ceremony, which was honoured

with the presence of his Majesty, who contributed 100*l.* towards the collection usually made for the Captain of the School. Mr. Wilder, son of the Rev. Dr. Wilder, was the fortunate youth, and the collection exceeded 1100*l.*

*The History of France, from the Earliest Periods to the Second Return of Louis XVIII. to the throne of his Ancestors. By Frances Thurtle. 1820.*

This compendious epitome of the History of France will be found a very useful companion to the juvenile students; and the Chronological Lists are particularly acceptable.

Nearly half the volume is taken up with the important events of the last 40 years, and the whole is thus concluded:

"Buonaparte having formed a conspicuous character in the latter part of these pages, and having appeared upon most occasions in an unfavourable point of view, it will be but justice to take an impartial review of his life, and to point out his principal actions, good as well as bad.

"It has been observed, that there is no character so uniformly bright, as not to possess some dark shades; but while we assent to the general truth of this observation, that charity which 'hopeth all things,' the distinguishing characteristic of our holy religion, should teach us to believe that there are no hearts so darkly vicious, as not to be illumined by some beams of the light of virtue. To suppose Buonaparte an exception to this rule would be illiberal. We are not, however, his apologists: we are but simple narrators of truths and facts, as far as they are attainable; and to posterity (who are the proper judges, as being impartial) we leave the judgment of his motives. There are, however, certain points in his character which are clear to every one, and upon these we may be permitted, with all due humility, to comment.

"Buonaparte was extremely indignant at not being allowed to take up his abode in England as a private person. He surely forgot that those who will openly sanction dishonour in others, may be suspected, and that without any great lack of charity, of paying but little regard to honour themselves. The French officers who broke their parole in this country were received by Buonaparte with the greatest kindness and respect. Take as one instance General Le Fevre.

"Buonaparte, like most other conquerors (among the few exceptions, Henry IV. of France, and Prince Eugene,\* are conspicuous), was profuse of human blood; and in many instances wantonly so. The death of the Duke d'Enghien will be an eternal blot upon his character, as well as that of Toussaint and his family. Of the crimes of the former there is not only no proof, but what they were pretended to be is scarcely known: he is accused of traitorous designs; but the particulars of these designs are not brought forward. His judges were ignorant to the last moment of him whom they were going to try; the decree of his condemnation was signed by them with trepidation and dismay; and his grave was ready dug *before* he arrived at Vincennes; thus affording a complete proof that his trial was but a mockery. Such a proceeding as this admits of no palliation; but must ever be looked upon with abhorrence. Murat was President at this disgraceful trial. Surely when he was afterwards overtaken by the same sort of summary justice, conscience must have brought the death of the Duke d'Enghien forcibly to his recollection. Toussaint's crime we know. He loved his country too dearly to sell it to slavery.

"The unbounded license Buonaparte ever allowed his soldiers upon all occasions, greatly aggravated the miseries of war, and eventually contributed to his own downfall, by arming against

\* A General officer having pointed out to Prince Eugene a post of considerable importance, which he assured him would not cost him above twelve grenadiers at most. "May be so," replied the Prince; "but the lives of twelve grenadiers are much too valuable to be thrown away upon this occasion. Now if it were twelve Generals, indeed, that would be a different matter."

him the peaceable inhabitants of those countries he had conquered, who might perhaps have submitted to his sway as willingly as to that of their natural princes, had *mercy* and *justice* been his guide. But of the mild virtues of justice and mercy, which so conspicuously adorn the character of Louis XVIII. Buonaparte had but a small share. They are, indeed, virtues of the shade, and in the former had been taught and cultured by 'the stern rugged nurse,' *Adversity*.

"His cruelties in Syria, and his departure from Egypt, sullied his laurels in that country; and his subsequent and unfortunate campaign in Russia, where he left the wreck of his army in the greatest distress, and found selfish safety in flight, is a blot on his character as a military man, that cannot be wiped out. The battle of Waterloo winds up the account of his ingratitude to the soldiers of France, who even now forget his faults, and think only of him as the conquering leader who led them on to victory at Jena, Austerlitz, &c. The soldiers at the battle of Waterloo were enthusiastically devoted to him. The wounded, who were conveyed to Brussels, gave astonishing proofs of unshaken attachment. One of these brave fellows, after suffering amputation, with the most perfect unconcern, cried, *Vive l'Empereur!* and expired. Another told the surgeon, who was probing his wounds, to go deeper, and he would find the Emperor. These were the soldiers Buonaparte forsook! and, by forsaking them, gave convincing proof that he was deficient in that true and noble courage which arises with difficulty, and becomes more collected and firm as the hour of danger approaches. His detention of all the English who were in France at the time Lord Whitmouth took his departure, previous to the last war, was cruel and wanton. It was not only contrary to all the laws of nations, but even of humanity. His duplicity towards the house of Bourbon, in Spain, is perhaps, less reprehensible; because we cannot help thinking the Royal Family of that country shewed

so little respect for themselves and each other, that they had no reason to look for it elsewhere.

"Buonaparte has been often compared to Charlemagne, and in many instances with great reason. There is also one striking resemblance between him and the Emperor Charles V. Charles V. always professed the greatest *moderation*, and the most *peaceful intentions*, when he was decidedly bent on war. So did Buonaparte: and if the latter employed unfair means to attain his ends, so did the former.

"These, we believe, are the most glaring defects in his character. Of his good deeds, *the entire abolition of that dreadful tribunal, the Inquisition*, stands conspicuous.

"Napoleon's general toleration of all religions, and the kindness he shewed the Jews, who are in general much oppressed on the Continent, is another instance that he could *sometimes* feel as a *man* should feel. His habits are abstemious; and, it is almost needless to say, his mind and body active. He was also, as Shakspeare says of Wolsey,

'— fair spoken and persuading;  
Lofty and sour, to them that lov'd him not;  
But to those men who sought him, sweet as summer.'

"In his way to England, and during his stay at Plymouth, he gained the good wishes of most of those who approached him; and while he had the unreserved privilege of seeing different persons at St. Helena, he made himself many friends. With the English officers, who are his immediate and personal attendants, he is familiar, communicative, and gentlemanly.

"The bustle and ferment in which he kept the Parisians, suited their disposition well. He was like Prestor John, always to be *sought*. The question of '*Ou est l'Empereur?*' was as difficult to resolve as to decide on the colour of the Camelion.

"He improved Paris wonderfully, and certainly would have made that city the finest in the world. Some parts of it, indeed, as it now is, stands unrivalled. Prince Blucher said, upon seeing London, that *there was but one*

*London in the world.* Buonaparte wished to make but one Paris. The superiority of the two cities, it is presumed, will never be yielded by the inhabitants of either. To John Bull's broad paved streets, to his small comfortable house, occupied by himself alone, and endeared by that comprehensive word, *home*, the Frenchman would oppose the splendour of his palaces, the loftiness of his houses, and '*la totalite des rues.*'

"The spoils with which Napoleon Buonaparte enriched Paris, were matter of great exultation to the Parisians: and when the great work of restoration began, the regrets and murmurs were loud and repeated. The departure of the Venus de' Medici caused quite a sensation. 'Ah, Monsieur, *elle est partie!*' said a Frenchman upon this occasion, without at all indicating who was gone; no one could possibly doubt who was meant by *elle*.

"Some have exclaimed against this act of restitution as an act of injustice. Conquest and treaties gave these works of art to France, it is said; then, surely, it may be answered, *conquest* had equal right to reclaim them. The allies took their *own*; they did not retaliate upon the French people, and rob them of *their* treasures, though they certainly had the power of so doing, and the same right as the French had, to plunder the nations they had conquered.

"But to return to Buonaparte. He was much beloved by his own family, to whom he was himself strongly attached, at least if we may judge from the profusion with which he scattered crowns and sceptres among them.

"His Generals were not forgotten by him. Murat he made grand Duke of Berg, afterwards King of Naples. Bernadotte is now King of Sweden. Many of the rest he made Dukes and Peers of France, and loaded them with wealth and honours. By one class of men he is very generally regretted; we mean men of genius and letters, to whom he was a liberal patron.

"His refusing to admit into his army the guard of honour who forsook Mon-

sieur at Lyons, and his sending the cross of the legion of honour to the only soldier who remained faithful to his master, is a proof that he can duly appreciate acts of truth and loyalty even in an enemy.

"This extraordinary personage, who rose gradually from the middling ranks of life to be monarch of an empire, not far inferior to that of Charlemagne, suddenly fell from this immense height, not merely to be a private individual, with the title of General Buonaparte; but to be a prisoner on a lonesome rock, which forms but a speck in the vast expanse of the world of waters. Such is the uncertainty and vanity of all human greatness!"

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GEORGE III.

When Mr. Fox was in the ministry during the American war, and a plenipotentiary had been appointed to the American States, Fox asked the King if it would be *agreeable* to him to receive an American Minister in return. His Majesty made a just and proper answer, specifically adapted to the unfortunate situation of public affairs. 'Mr. Fox, the *phrase* of your question rather surprises me. It cannot be *agreeable* to me; but I can and do *agree* to it' Fox himself related this anecdote to the late David Hartley, acknowledging, that his own phrase *agreeable* was indeed unsuitable and inconsiderate; but that his Majesty's answer was manly, frank, and noble.

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LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

She is (says Mr. Spence), one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity and always wandering: the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best natured, cruellest woman in the world; all things by turns, and nothing long.—She married young, and she told me, with that freedom much travelling gives, that she never was in so great a hurry of thought as the month before she was married: she scarce slept any night that month. She was one of the most celebrated beauties of the day, and had a vast num-

ber of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first, that is, to be married to somebody, and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding-ring,—and scuttled away to be married to Mr. Wortley.

#### HERETICS.

Moreri says (Art. Heretiques) that, from the commencement of Christianity, presumptuous and sensual spirits have appeared, who have revolted against the creeds of the church. Of these refractory people, who think for themselves, there follows a long list, at the head of which are Agonycrites, who only pray standing, and will not kneel: the Christianocategores, who worship images, and the Iconoclastes, who break them. There were also the followers of Durand de Valdock, who said that marriage was disguised fornication: the Patrobusians, who said that baptism could do but little good to little children: Abeillard's disciples, who said, we ought to believe only what we can understand: the Vaudois, followers of Valdo, a merchant of Lyons, who made an assemblage of all the heresies of their age: the Flagellants, who preferred whipping to martyrdom! In the 14th century, as the same author informs us, there were the Bisoches, who were for community of women, like Plato and the French revolutionists: the Beguins, who said that any common man might be as good as a saint: the Dulcinists, who considered illicit intercourse an act of charity. Cesena and Oken were excommunicated by Pope John, for having said that Jesus Christ had no property. The Turpulins said it was only necessary to pray to God with the heart, condemned churches, and went naked. Under the same head of heretics we find mentioned Wickliff and his followers: Jerome Huss of Prague: Jean de Roatus, who built a castle in Bobemia, which he called Mount Zion, and from whence he said

the truth would issue one day; but, in the mean time, he made use of Mount Zion to send out armed men every day, for the purpose of levying contributions on the neighbouring country! Mr. Behain, a shepherd, who insisted that priests had no right to tithes, is of course, included in the list. Then follows Luther, and in the same page the Libertins, who said, that we could have in appearance all sorts of religions without having any: Castalion, who said we might follow any indifferently: the followers of David, a Glazier of Ghent, who said he was the third David who was to reign over the earth: then comes Calvin: then Servetus, by his side, whom he burnt: but the worst of all, in Moreri's opinion, seem to be the *anointed*, a sort of English Calvinists, who thought, that not to embrace their doctrines was the only sin that we could commit in this world. The Olliers, or Anti-Lutherans, seem innocent enough: the historian says, they regale themselves *tour à tour*, and are delighted to make good cheer. The Cordomans, *qui couchoient pêle-mêle*, are worse. Among the Jews are mentioned the Musorites, who worshipped rats and mice: the Muscaronites, who adored the god of flies: the Serpenticoles, who worshipped serpents: and the Vitulicoles, who were devout to calves.—What are we to say to all this variety of belief;—this tissue of absurdities, incomprehensible subtleties, and gross profligacies? Nothing—but that we ought to draw from it a lesson of charity. If further proof were wanting, we might find it in the story of Ochin, who was hunted by the Pope into Switzerland, and by the Protestants from Switzerland into Moravia, where he died of the plague. He wrote a work which he called “Labyrinths,” in which he showed, with much clearness, that they who maintain the doctrine of *free-will* are entangled in four great and inextricable difficulties; and afterwards, that they who support the principles of *necessity*, fall also into four deep embarrassments: these constitute *eight labyrinths*; he then turns himself on all sides to get out, but not finding any issue,

he puts up an ardent prayer, addressed to God, to deliver him from these abysses. In the conclusion, however, he plucks up spirits, and decides that the only way is to say, with Socrates, "*I only know that I know nothing.*"

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

##### THE CUCKOO.

It is curious, that when two cuckoo-eggs, are deposited and hatched, the stronger bird ejects the weaker, and remains sole possessor of the nest.

A young cuckoo was hatched in the nest of a water-wagtail; after it had quitted the nest, we observed the singular manner in which it was fed by its fosterparent; the young bird remained squatted on the ground, and in that position, with its head thrown backwards and gaping with its mouth, received the wag-tail on its back, who liberally supplied it with worms and insects.

##### LAPLAND DWARFS.

A man and a woman, natives of Lapland, have arrived at Grenoble: the man, 42 years old, is 3 feet 1 inch in height: the woman, his sister, aged 52, is 2 feet 11 inches high: they are both very well made.

##### THE ASH TREE.

The ash, which the last year has been unusually full of fruit or seeds, commonly called keys, will be found worthy the attention of those who are fond of the curiosities of nature. The pod of the fruit is in shape like a bird's tongue, having only one cell that contains a seed of the same shape. By opening the pod carefully with a pen-knife, the umbilical cord will be found running from the stalk to the upper end of the fruit, where it enters to convey the nourishment to the germ, in which (on opening from the reverse end,) will be found the future tree, so formed both in trunk and leaves, as not even to require the assistance of magnifiers to see the perfect plant. I am not aware of any other kernel that affords so distinct a resemblance of its parent, or that the circumstance has ever been noticed.

#### THE ROSICRUSIANS—SECRET SOCIETY.

A famous association of this nature existed in Germany, which was called *La Confrairie de la Rose-croix*.<sup>\*</sup> This fraternity was sought for earnestly by Descartes, its professed object being that in which he was so ardently engaged, the search of truth. In spite, however, of all his pains, he could never light on one man who belonged to it; nevertheless, says Thomas, there is reason to believe that it certainly existed, for it was much spoken of throughout the whole of Germany. It had its advocates and its enemies, who wrote for and against it; and, in 1623, they did the philosophers who were its members, the honour to bring them on the stage at Paris. One of the principal rules of this society was, that every thing relative to it should remain hidden; and how well this rule was kept, may be guessed by the useless search of Descartes. Its founder was said to be a German, born in the 14th century, and things little short of miracles are recorded of him. He had profoundly studied magic, which was then one of the most esteemed of sciences; he had travelled in Arabia, Turkey, Africa, and Spain, and had every where made himself acquainted with the most famous sages and cabalists: he had learned from them all the secrets of nature, and all the methods of art; and, in the end, he established himself in a grotto of his native country, where he lived in the ecstasies of solitary contemplation, to the great age of 106 years. He was in the habit of performing prodigies during his life; and his relics were reputed to have the same power after his death. Thomas says his history bears a resemblance to that of Apollonius Thyaneus. People supposed that a sun shone in grotto, which had been his dwelling and was his grave. There is something very sublime in this imagination. The association, formed by this extraordinary man, was charged with the important and difficult task of reforming the sciences throughout the world. It would be worth something to know what were the founder's own notions in the various

<sup>\*</sup> The *Rosicrusians*—that famous society, so often mentioned, so little known.

sciences:—not those of Newton, it is to be presumed. It is both curious and affecting to contemplate the ruins of theories, and fragments of systems, that lie strewing the face of the history of philosophy. What has become of the mighty and magnificent doctrines of ancient philosophy? Those which were the pride of their inventors, the admiration of their scholars, the astonishment of the people. They lie, like the ruined cities which Pliny saw on each side of him in his voyage:—like the remains of Tyre, and Sidon, and Nineveh,—like the dust of Carthage. Those proud cities, as the old French poet says, now in ruins, but,—

*Dont la fierte, la force, et le pouvoir sembloit  
Menacer l'univers qui sous eux trembloit.*

The glories of these past systems are like the sun of the German magician's cave, which had no other function but to shed a light on his tomb!

#### SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

A boy about ten years of age, lately met his death in a singular manner, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. He was amusing himself in a stubble field with some of his companions, by attempting to walk upon his hands and head, when one of the straws of the wheat stubble passing up his nostril, entered the brain; and caused his death a few hours afterwards.

#### ORIGIN OF TEA.

DARMA, third son of COJUWO, king of India, a religious high-priest, and the twenty-eighth papa from SIAKA (the author of that eastern paganism about a thousand years before the Christian *Æra*), coming to China to teach the way of happiness, lived a most austere life, passing his days in continual mortification, and retiring by night to solitudes, in which he fed upon the leaves of trees and other vegetable productions only. After several years passed in this manner in fasting and watching, it happened that, contrary to his vows, the pious DARMA fell asleep! When he awoke, he was so much enraged at himself, that, to prevent the like for the future, he cut off both his eye-lids, and

threw them on the ground. On the following day, returning to his accustomed devotions, he beheld with amazement, springing up from his two eye-lids, two small shrubs, of an unusual appearance, such as he had never before seen in his life, and of whose qualities he was, of course, entirely ignorant. The saint, however, not being wholly devoid of curiosity, or perhaps being unusually hungry, was prompted to eat of the leaves, and immediately felt within him a wonderful elevation of mind, and a vehement desire of divine contemplation, with which he acquainted his disciples, who were eager to follow the example of their instructor, and thus readily received into common use the noble plant which has been the theme of so many pens in succeeding ages.

#### WELCH LADIES.

If female worth deserves to be recorded, surely the *accomplishments* of Margaret uch Evan should not be passed over unnoticed. Few ladies in North Wales have attained so much renown as Margaret of Penlyn, whose abilities were by no means circumscribed by etiquette, or confined within the sphere of the general occupations of a woman. Passionately addicted to the joys of the chase, in her kennel were always to be found the choicest dogs in the country; and that she might not experience the torments of that fashionable monster, *Ennui*, she would, to use a vulgar phrase, "turn her hand to any thing." She was a boat-builder, shoemaker, joiner, and blacksmith, by turns; could manage a horse or a boat with admirable dexterity, and at sixty years of age was the best wrestler in Caernarvonshire. Among her milder and more feminine accomplishments were those of musick and witchcraft; the former was limited to a performance on her national instrument the harp, and the violin; and we cannot be surprised that she was accounted skillful in the latter, when we consider the simple beings among whom she dwelt, and her various occupations. The late Mr. Hutton who visited North Wales, thus describes Margaret and the simple

manners of the natives of this retired spot of the principality :

"Mong the rocks of Llanberis, where foot comes not nigh,

No eye sees their summit except a bird's eye,  
Nor aught in the prospect appears to the sight,  
But water and mountain, yet they give delight;  
Quite silent for miles thro' these regions you go,  
Except when the surly wind chooses to blow.

"But few are their neighbours, and fewer their quarrels,

And fewest of all are good liquors and barrels;  
In stockings and shoes are no mighty sums spent,  
In building, or gaining, or eating, or rent;  
Instead of regaling in luxury there,  
We see life sustain'd with the most simple fare;  
Their health and their harmony are not disjointed,  
For, as they expect not, they're not disappointed.

"Robust are the females, hard labour attends them,  
With the fist they could knock down the man who offends them;—

Here lived Peggy Evans, who saw ninety-two,  
Could wrestle, row, fiddle, and hunt a fox too,  
Could ring a sweet peal as the neighbourhood tells,  
That would charm your two ears—had there been any bells;

Enjoy'd rosy health in a lodging of straw,  
Commanded the saw-pit, and wielded the saw;—  
And tho' she's deposited where you cannot find her,  
I know she has left a few sisters behind her."

Margaret had many suitors ; and, as if determined to maintain the superiority which Nature had bestowed upon her, she gave her hand to the most effeminate of her admirers.

## POETRY.

### SONG.

Air—"O tell me the way how to woo."

#### 1.

O FRESH is the breeze of my mountains,  
When Morn lifts her bright dewy eye ;  
And pleasant my birk-shaded fountains,  
When the fervours of noontide are high ;  
And lovely the hour when the gray-mantled gloaming

Adown the dim valley glides softly along,  
And meets me alone by the far forest roaming,  
To watch the first notes of the nightingale's song.

#### 2.

When the moon from her fleecy cloud scatters  
Over ocean her silvery light,  
And the whisper of woodlands and waters  
Comes soft through the silence of night,—  
I love by the haunted tower lonely to linger,  
A-dreaming to Fancy's wild witchery given,  
And hear, lightly swept by unseen fairy finger,  
The harp of the winds—with the music of Heaven.

#### 3.

Yet, oh ! there is something wanting,  
Which Solitude ne'er can supply !  
For friendship my bosom is panting—  
For looks that to mine might reply ;  
I sigh for the friend fired with kindred devotion,  
To worship wild Nature by mountain and grove—  
I sigh for Eliza !—with dear emotion—  
To lighten the home that is hallowed by love !

### MIDNIGHT HOURS.

TO THE MOON, IN VIEW OF THE SEA.

THERE is a blush upon thy face to-night  
Which sheds around a luxury of light !  
Wherefore, oh Moon, art thou so brightly fair !  
Wouldst thou some new Endymion ensnare ?  
Each sparkling wave, as it receives thy rays,  
Seems quivering and thrilling at thy gaze ;

And gently murmurs, whilst the God below  
Feels through his frame the universal glow,  
And heaves his breast majestic for thee !  
Cease, cease, to look on us so lovingly,  
But in thy sil'ry veil still half conceal  
Thy modest loveliness, nor more reveal ;  
For oh ! fair Queen ! no mortal now can soar,  
Or love, as thy fond shepherd did of yore !

### MORN.

SEE, see ! who comes with yellow flowing hair,  
And clear blue eyes, and cheek of roseate hue,  
So brightly jewell'd o'er with falling dew :  
Who, but the Morn, so delicately fair,  
With form of light thus dances through the air !  
Young Joy is by her side, and in her train  
A choir of birds their pow'ful voices strain ;  
Whilst flow'rs breathe forth their sweet, though silent, prayer ;  
And, as the Maiden passes on, they bend  
Their heads, and to the zephyrs odours lend :  
She smiles acceptance of the welcome given,  
And, by her smiling roused, Earth vies with Heaven !  
Fresh beauty glitters o'er the trembling fields,  
For Morn, unveil'd, around her brilliance yields !

### LINES WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

ANOTHER year is pass'd away,  
Blithe sounds I hear, gay forms I see ;  
To some this is a joyful day—  
It brings no joy to me.

Whilst others hope that future years  
May be unclouded as the last ;  
I dread the future, and with tears  
Look back upon the past.

To them the dawning year may give  
A scene of joy, a time of rest,  
Whilst all for whom they wish to live,  
Are living, and are blest.

But I possess no cheering thought  
Of present or of future bliss ;  
The former year *that* sorrow brought  
Which casts a gloom on this.

The jocund sports which Christmas brings,  
When music, mirth, and dance combine,  
Must all be melancholy things  
To hearts depress'd like mine.

They call to mind the festive scene,  
The pleasures of a happy year :  
They tell us too what might have been,  
Had one we loved been here.

Alas ! it was not always thus,  
These sports we were not wont to dread :  
All seasons now are sad to us,  
Our thoughts are with the dead.

And when around us we remark  
The gaudy dress, the gay pursuit,  
Our mournful garb appears more dark,  
Our sorrows more acute.

### THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BESIDE her Babe, who sweetly slept,  
A widow'd Mother sat and wept  
O'er years of love gone by ;  
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,  
She murmur'd her dead Husband's name  
Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,  
For not one single friend she had  
On this cold-hearted Earth ;  
The sea will not give back its prey—  
And they were wrapt in foreign clay  
Who gave the Orphan birth.

Stedfastly as a star doth look  
Upon a little murmuring brook,  
She gazed upon the bosom  
And fair brow of her sleeping Son—  
"O merciful Heaven ! when I am gone  
Thine is this earthly blossom !"

While thus she sat—a sunbeam broke  
Into the room ;—the Babe awoke,  
And from his cradle smiled !  
Ah, me ! what kindling smiles met there !  
I know not whether was more fair,  
The Mother or her Child !

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,  
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,  
And to her bosom leapt—  
All tears at once were swept away,  
And said a face as bright as day,—  
"Forgive me ! that I wept !"

Sufferings there are from Nature sprung,  
Ear hath not heard, nor Poet's tongue  
May venture to declare ;  
But this as Holy-Writ is sure,  
"The griefs she bids us here endure  
She can herself repair !"

### STANZAS.

*"A cloud came o'er my soul."*

O WELCOME is the Cloud of Night  
That makes the morrow's dawn more dear,  
Or Dewy Veil that falleth light  
The Summer's fervid breast to cheer :  
The Thunder-cloud of fate and fear  
Doth in its folds a blessing bring,  
And weeps in showers its wasteful shock :  
Even Winter's rudest Storms but rock  
The cradle of the Spring.

But ah ! far other are the Clouds  
That wrap the sickening soul in gloom,—  
That clothe the heaven in funeral shrouds,  
And darken like a living tomb  
This beauteous Earth,—whose breathing bloom  
Might sooth the sullen heart of care—  
Where bounteous Nature pours around  
Her healing balm for every wound,  
Unpoison'd by Despair !

O Thou ! whose everlasting arm  
Spread like a tent yon azure sky,  
And framed those glorious worlds to charm  
Th' adoring heart, the raptured eye—  
Who through the vale of misery  
Canst guide, though doubt and danger press—  
Chase from my soul these shades of night,  
That shroud from my bewildered sight,  
The Sun of Righteousness.

### SONG.

#### 1.

'TIS done:—by Winter's icy hand  
Each summer weed is torn ;  
The sweets are fled the wasted land,  
The groves their tresses mourn ;  
And all the painted blooms that blow  
Are wrapt in winding-sheet of snow.

#### 2.

Yet lovely flowrets ! hope not ye  
From me a dirge of doom,  
While still in one dear face I see  
Your every beauty bloom,—  
While still yon eye the Violet shows—  
Yon cheek the white and damask Rose !

#### 3.

What reek I Philomela's song  
Where opening roses blow,  
While blest with strains from Madel's tongue  
Of sweeter silvery flow ?  
And Madel's breath the breeze outvies  
Mid hyacinthine groves that sighs !

#### 4.

And while her lips' expanding glow  
Mine ardent pressure meets,  
The strawberry's purple mocks,—and O !  
Makes poor its richest sweets,—  
What can I ask, O May, of thee ?  
My Madel's more than Spring to me.



